The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 22 NO. 7
JULY 1935

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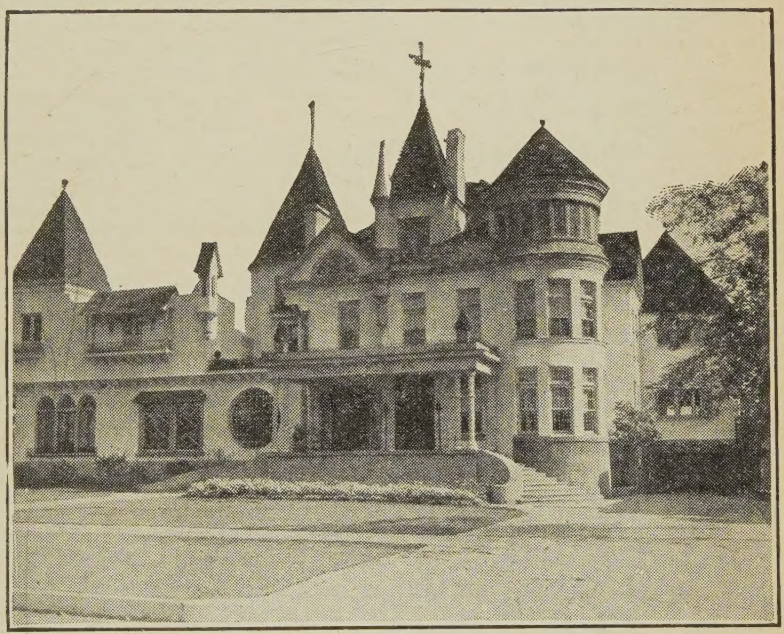

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXII JULY, 1935 No. 7

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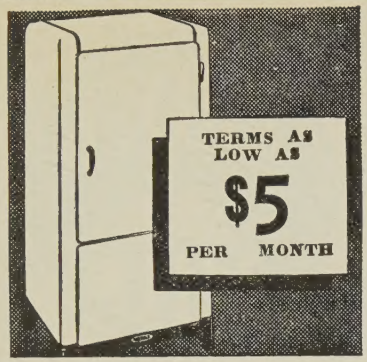

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"This is the Place"

· *By Sylvia R. Grant*

The leader half rose from the wagon bed
Where, stricken with fever, he lay,
And gazed o'er the valley with eager eyes
That epochal midsummer day.

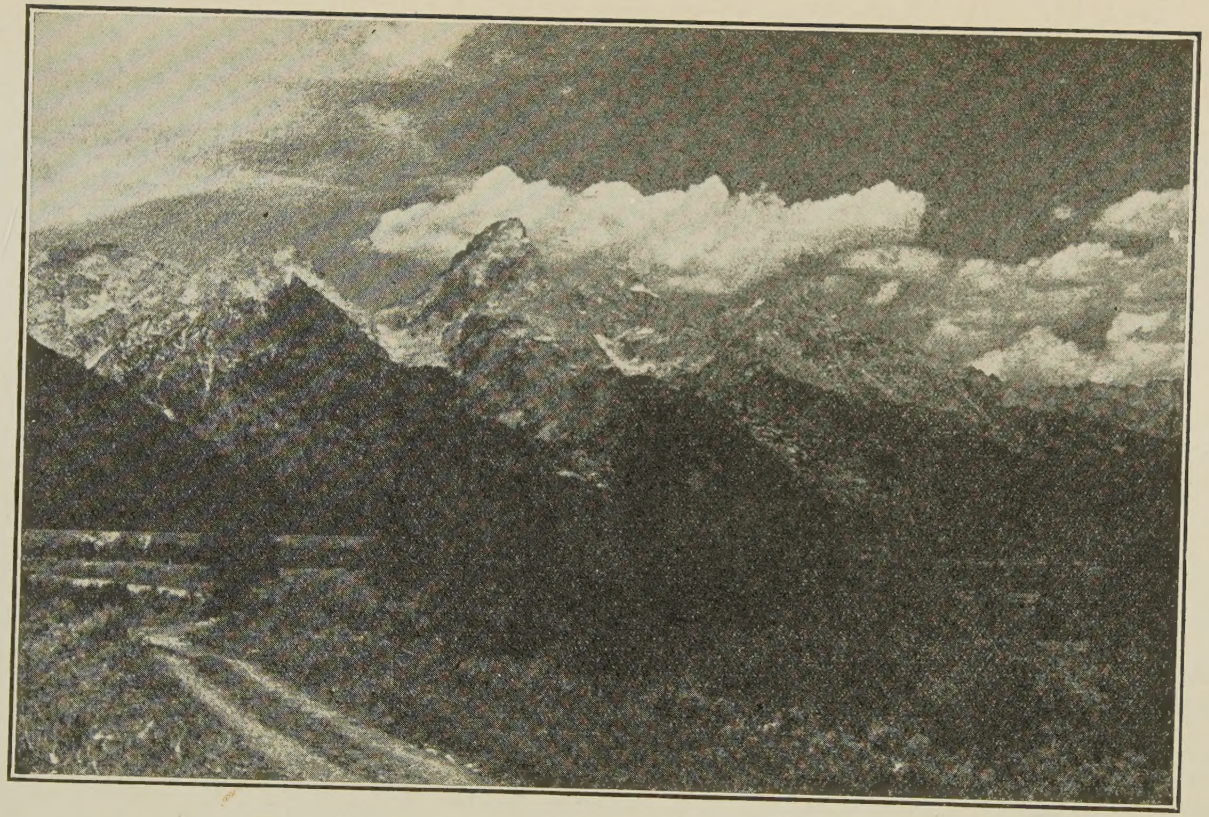
A dreary expanse of grey sagebrush crept
To alkaline stretches of plain
That mutely claimed they had seldom known
The chastening touch of soft rain.

A home for the reptile and bison, but surely
No welcome for man in this space!
Then why did he smile serenely and say,
" 'Tis well, drive on—this is the place."

Did he see in the stead of a hostile waste,
Broad meadows of velvety sheen;
Rich cornfields caressed by an evening breeze,
And trees waving plumage of green?

Did he know that the granite-walled peaks behind
Would send from their bosoms of snow
An offering of lifegiving, crystalline streams
To plains parched and thirsty below?

Did he vision a city of beauty and peace;
A people of joyful face
That would carry always a song in its heart
And re-echo, "This is the place"?



TETON MOUNTAINS

Photo by W. D. Green

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII JULY, 1935 No. 7

Adventuring into the Past

A Glimpse of Grace Raymond Hebard and Her Experiences Encountered in Her Discovery of the Identity and Later Life of the Famous Guide to the Lewis and Clark Expedition—the Woman Sacajawea

By Lorene Pearson

LEGENDS arouse in most of us a sense of poetic satisfaction in the very limitation of the myth. But let an historian discover something new about the legend, immediately our passive attention is cast aside and the Sherlock Holmes propensity lurking in our depth takes us over and we join the investigator eagerly. It is human nature, surely, to want to learn something more, something new about people we know or have heard about. Our insatiable curiosity about the lives of others—not so essentially different from our own—comes to the fore the moment an item is mentioned about Napoleon, or Shelley, or our next door neighbor.

And the passing of time does not seem to affect the intensity of our interest. The stories of Homer, of the Bible, breathe of the problems we have in this modern age, and we respond to them almost as eagerly as news of a living man or woman. The recent discovery that the powerful Queen Elizabeth suffered an attachment for the handsome young Essex stirred most of us in spite of the lapse of three hundred years since the actual happening. Interest in legends is ever new, perhaps that is why they became legends, perhaps there is something universal in them.

BE that as it may, we are interested in heroes and heroines, and not only poetically and scientifically (in what we may learn from them), but also personally. That is, we are interested in the finding of new facts about legends, in participating in an adventure into the past. The story of Sacajawea, of our American legend, provides ample appeasement for all three interests.

It is common knowldege among us that over a century ago an Indian woman, carrying on her back a young papoose, guided Lewis and Clark across the unmapped miles of the Rocky Mountains on the epic and heroic expedition to the Pacific Ocean and back again to the Missouri River. At the close of the trip in 1806 this Indian heroine walked out of the *Journals* of the two Captains and the story of Sacajawea became a legend. Almost nothing more was known of her until Grace Raymond Hebard published her investigations in a recent book.

The story of how Miss Hebard sought and found out the fate of Sacajawea is fascinating and interesting. Know first, however, that historians publish books of facts, which of course are of great value and interest, but that they rarely even hint at the various adventures

that led to the facts. These experiences are quite outside the scope of the book, but they remain forever with the writer—after the facts have become an entity in themselves—as the romance of their work. Do not, as I did, conjure up a vision of dim and dusty archives, ladders leaning against ceiling high stacks of ancient documents, (although this has a place in the adventure), with pale light sifting hesitatingly down through a mote-laden atmosphere on the antiquarian humped over his work, and think you have a picture of the life of an historian. Meeting Miss Hebard and hearing her experineces dashed this picture to pieces and put in its place an exciting series of events and scenes in tepees of the Shoshone Indians on their reservation in western Wyoming, not, of course, without glimpses of the mysterious and awe-inspiring depths of the Royal Archives of Germany. The search for Sacajawea's history involved adventure in a very real sense.

GOING back to the beginning of the story we find the United States Senate and President Thomas Jefferson concurring in 1803, in the purchase of a vast, almost unknown country west of the Mississippi River. But the newly acquired Louisiana Territory loomed vague and unexplored on the outskirts of the little group of states not many years removed from the Declaration of Independence. Twenty-five hundred dollars were appropriated for the purpose of discovering something of the worth of this wilderness, and something of its extent. It was not even known how far it was to the Pacific Ocean, or whether the Rocky Mountains would ever be passable for commerce.

Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark were chosen to head this historic expedition into the wilds. Their story, in graphic detail, is found in the *Journals* of the Captains and others of the party and provides an adventure probably unequalled in the conquest of the west. Going up the Missouri River in 1804 to the Mandan villages near the present town of Bismark, North Dakota, the company went into winter quarters to prepare equipment for the long journey the following spring.

Before the departure the Captains secured the assent of a Frenchman, Charbonneau, and his wife, Sacajawea, to accompany them as guides and interpreters. Briefly, Sacajawea was a Shoshone or Snake Indian girl who had been captured from her people by the Gros Ventre Indians and later sold or gambled away to Charbonneau. Lewis and Clark were particularly happy to be able to take Sacajawea with them as the Shoshones had to be depended upon to provide the horses for the journey across the Rocky Mountains. Another member joined the party before the departure in the spring of 1805. Baptiste, the famous expedition papoose, was born to Sacajawea a short time before the boats left their moorings at the Mandan villages.

The *Journals* are rich with details of the helpfulness of the little Indian woman. When starvation faced the party she found edible roots; when a canoe capsized in the river she saved many valuable articles; she negotiated with her brother, the Chief of the Shoshones, for horses; and when they entered the maze of the mountain country she led them through the easier passes. In fact, both Lewis and Clark state very emphatically at the close of their reports of the expedition, that the trip would probably have been impossible without her.

Out of the *Journals* grew the leg-

end of Sacajawea. But what became of her after the company left her, Charbonneau and Baptiste at the Mandan villages? No one seemed to know definitely, until Dr. Hebard published her recent book of investigations.

THE unravelling of the fate of this heroine is of particular interest to us at this period of increasing national consciousness. Information concerning the events which have helped to build up the structure of our country have assumed signifi-

A DESCENDANT OF SACAJAWEA

cance. We are interested to know that Sacajawea did not sink into the obscurity of the ordinary Indian squaw—degenerate in her tepee; we are glad to know, that as a result—at least partly—of her associations with the two explorers, she was later able to be a friend of the white man and a wise counsellor to Chief Washakie and the Shoshones in the great problem of adjustment between the two races. It is good to know, too, that in the development of our country all the Indians were not necessarily our savage enemies.

PROFESSOR HEBARD, seated at her desk as head of the Political Economy Department of the University of Wyoming, recounted her adventures to me. For an hour and a half she told graphically of the excitement of finding new clues, of the tragic loss of materials that had been destroyed, of the humorous contacts she had had with the Indians and of the sometimes wonderful interviews with old, old Shoshones.

Work began on the problem of Sacajawea's fate about the time of the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. This date being the centenary of the Lewis and Clark expedition, a section of the Fair was devoted to the Louisiana Purchase. On these grounds was a beautiful statue of the Indian woman guide. Much interest was aroused in Sacajawea. Dr. Hebard was stirred sufficiently to follow the problem for almost thirty years.

But the task did not look easy. One hundred years is a long time for even the best of evidence to remain intact. Miss Hebard reasoned that Sacajawea, if she had lived to any age at all, must have returned to her people in the Rocky Mountains as she was only one of several wives to Charbonneau and apparently not attached to him by affection.

Following up this suggestion Miss Hebard sought out the Reverend John Roberts, a missionary to the Shoshone Indians on their Wind River reservation since 1883. This gentle old man told her the most exciting thing she had yet encountered in the way of a clue. "Yes," he an-

swered to questioning, "in 1884 I officiated at the burial of a prominent Indian woman, one hundred years of age, by the name of Sacajawea. I have her burial on record." Like most American pioneers in those days he knew very little of the Lewis and Clark expedition, being concerned with the practical problems at hand, and as a result had given the matter only cursory thought until he was queried.

BUT what a clue! Sacajawea had returned to her people and had lived to an old age. Perhaps there were old Indians still alive who had known her. With the help of the Reverend Roberts and Mr. F. G. Burnett, in the Government service, she was able to find out that Baptiste, the expedition papoose, had died the year following his mother, and that Bazil, the son of Sacajawea's dead sister, whom the *Journals* speak of being adopted by the Indian guide at the time of the expedition, had died the year following Baptiste. These three were dead but two grandchildren were located, Barbara Myers, daughter of Baptiste, and Andrew Bazil, son of Bazil.

DR. HEBARD could scarcely wait for an opportunity to journey to the reservation. When temporary relief from the duty of teaching did come, she took a stenographer and went to the Shoshones. Lying along the base of the rugged, pine-covered Wind River Mountains, extending out into the sagebrush flats of the Wind River basin, the reservation was picturesquely reminiscent of the by-gone days of Indian supremacy. The pointed tepees clustered along the willow-bordered stream or set in solitary wistfulness among the sage, the Indians on slim ponies trailing through the sagebrush, their hair still long and braided, were visions of another day. Only the occasional patches of plowed ground, and the red buildings of the government school and the old barracks of Ft. Washakie, hinted of the presence of the white man. There was a poignant mingling of the past and the present.

It was here that Sacajawea had lived the latter part of her life. And it was not long until Miss Hebard realized that the story of the woman guide was tribal history. No white man had ever before been interested in their traditions, so the story had not become known.

To prove that the tales concerning Sacajawea were authentic tribal history and therefore valid as historical documents, Dr. Hebard, her stenographer, and one or two interpreters visited one morning in one tepee, unannounced, and immediately afterwards went by car—in this land of pony travel—to another tepee miles away to ask the same questions. The stories were the same and not tales manufactured for an inquirer's edification.

Then she visited the old Indians who might have known Sacajawea. Dr. Hebard wanted these old people to remember back, to uncover in their memories some clue that could later be searched for among archives. An extraordinary instance of how this actually worked out happened in connection with Susan Perry.

It had been suggested that this aged Shoshone woman, living far out in the sagebrush, might have known Sacajawea. Hunting for her tiny tent in the billows of gray brush was an adventure in itself. The guide of the party knew about where she lived but there was difficulty in sighting the white point. Following a mere trail they came at last upon the dwelling of Susan Perry. They knew that her people were all away in the mountains hunting and they thought for a moment that no one was home. But the tent flap was

SUSAN PERRY, ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD, REMEMBERS SACAJAWEA

fixed in the customary way to tell the visitor that the old woman was gone, on just a short errand. Presently Dr. Hebard saw, not far away, a pile of squaw wood, and on top of it, what looked like a bundle of rags. Susan had evidently grown tired gathering her wood and had lain down a moment to rest. Aroused by the approach of the visitors she fluttered to a sitting posture.

Here, in the late afternoon sunlight, they interviewed Susan Perry. The moment Dr. Hebard sat down close to her the aged woman reached for her hand and held tightly to it during the questioning. She was blind, and this was her way of "seeing" her visitor. The questions were put to her slowly. She said that she had known Baptiste and Bazil very well. Then the interpreter leaned closely to her, asking the important question, "Did you know Sacajawea?"

The visitors were tensely silent. Susan Perry put her wrinkled brown old hands to her face to think back. After a time she shook her head. Sacajawea was often called Porivo, meaning Chief. The interpreter leaned closely again, substituting the new name. A bright smile changed the puzzled expression on the wizened brown face. "Porivo? Of course."

Then followed the memories of the old woman. She remembered particularly the time Sacajawea had stood up from the outer circle of seated squaws at the council of 1868, and had spoken! It was at the time

the Shoshones had accepted the new reservation on Wind River for the old one in the Fort Bridger valley. The Indians were objecting to the building of the railroad through their reservation and war would probably have resulted if they had not gone to Wind River. At this crisis the Chiefs and the White men had stood in the inner circle of the Council, but they had turned and listened to Sacajawea!

This unique performance of the Indian woman was a clue that led to substantiation again and again. And the fact led to a number of other discoveries such as the one disclosing that it was Sacajawea who kept Washakie faithful to the white man, encouraging him to boast that no white scalp had ever hung from his belt. All this from old Susan Perry.

There was an interesting incident connected with this interview that Dr. Hebard will never forget. As the party was ready to leave the professor leaned down to shake hands with the old woman, and, as she did so, she slipped a silver dollar into her hand. Clutching it tightly in her fist Susan Perry beamed in a most ecstatic manner and murmured, "Sugar and coffee!" Reaching quickly again into her pocket Dr. Hebard caught up the remainder of the loose change and put it in the brown, worn hand. Again the tight clutch, the ecstatic smile and this time these words, "Candy for the children!" They left her sitting there in the late afternoon sunlight on her pile of squaw wood. The snow crested Wind River Mountains towered above her, and as they drove away the billows of gray sagebrush closed about her and her tiny pointed tepee.

THE interesting thing about research of this kind is that all manner of unforeseen developments creep into the investigation as it progresses. The strange history of Baptiste, the expedition papoose, came out through a clue from his daughter Barbara Myers, in a tale that seemed absurd on the face of it. It was generally known that Baptiste had been a fluent linguist in German, French, Spanish and English besides Shoshone, but even this did not prepare the interviewers for the story that came to them.

They were all seated in the tepee of Barbara Myers. The stenographer was to take down all that she could as the interpreter repeated the answers to her. Miss Hebard was to note down as much as possible so that between the two of them an accurate account of the interview could be kept. After a few sentences regarding her grandmother old Barbara said that her father, Baptiste, had not only been to the Pacific Ocean with Lewis and Clark, but that he had also been east to the great river where there were houses built on the water and that he had lived in one of these for many days until he had come to the land where people wore wooden shoes. He had gone there with royalty and had stayed several years. Dr. Hebard very faithfully scribbled these things down, but commented to herself that these were interesting but absurd ideas.

Little did she realize then, that as she continued her investigation, she was to come upon coincidences and finally facts that led to the entire truth of the story. In the letters of that well-known early explorer, Father De Smet, Dr. Hebard ran across an account of a meeting between him and Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, a famous traveller on the North American continent. Following this clue to St. Louis, it was revealed that the German Prince had secured a permit from William Clark of the expedition, then in charge of such government matters to explore the waters of the Missouri River. It

had already been discovered that Clark had been educating the young Baptiste in St. Louis and it was possible that Baptiste had become his guide. Dr. Hebard employed a German historian to search among the royal Archives of his country. The story of Baptiste's sojourn in Germany was revealed and there was mention of a meeting between Sacajawea and the Prince in St. Louis!

This is but a skeleton of the facts and inferences that were found, but they are sufficient to instance the result of suggestions made by the old granddaughter of Sacajawea in her

GRANDDAUGHTER OF SACAJAWEA

tepee on the Wind River Reservation.

An amusing incident occurred during another interview with Barbara Myers, one of those incidents that flavors the experiences of the historian with the comic spirit. This time the interpreter and Dr. Hebard were in a car with the old Indian woman. Barbara told the interpreter that the beads she had been given the year before had disappeared. Miss Hebard reached in her pocket —a place well supplied for such emergencies—and produced a new string, a short one, a style that had become popular since the last visit. Barbara took the beads but looked a bit town-cast. Seeing this the doner brought out a longer string which the old woman took with very evident delight. When the car stopped at the end of the village street, Barbara jumped out in a flash and ran down toward her waiting friends, her beads held high, her staff swinging riotously with her uneven and hurried gait. Such agility and delight at ninety was as rare as it was funny and pathetic.

THE chance element, the hazard of loss connected with this work is heart-breaking sometimes. Dr. Hebard was particularly fortunate in being able to interview Susan Perry and Barbara Myers before they died. But there were records beyond recall, destroyed too soon, which would have helped immeasurably in the reconstruction of the lives of both Sacajawea and her son, Baptiste. By way of illustration, there was the loss of the leather wallet that the Indians remembered Sacajawea carrying always with her. It was known that in this wallet she had letters from Lewis and Clark and from other eminent people such as Brigham Young. These papers would have identified her beyond question and perhaps would have thrown new light on her activities. But in accordance with Shoshone customs this wallet had been buried with Bazil in 1886, Bazil being the last of the trio. When permission was recently granted to unearth it. the damp ground had destroyed all the writing although evidences of the paper still remained and the wallet was in fair preservation. A tragic loss, but just one of the many the historian has to face.

From the tragic to the comic is a long step but they intermingle promiscuously, it seems, when gathering material from people as interesting as the Indians. Dick Washakie, the son of the famous Chief Washakie, had just given Dr. Hebard a valuable interview, and, as a token of appreciation, she had asked him to come to the store at the old Fort to choose something that he would like to take home to his tepee. Inside the merchant's domain he pointed to a basket of Tokay grapes. In farewell the two of them shook hands. A little old Indian man had been watching this procedure before him with great interest. The moment Dick had gone out he approached Dr. Hebard, offered his hand and said, "Shake," looking significantly at the grapes. She gave him a bunch of the fruit and a hand-shake with much amusement. But the episode had not yet ended. Later, in the Post Office, she came upon the old Indian again. Eagerly he came forward with his hand outstretched, the inveterate beggar!

Of course, not all the information on Sacajawea came from the Shoshones. Some old-timers had known her and contributed their bit to the picture. In a letter from Tom Rivington, there is a paragraph that gives an unforgettable and lovely image of the Indian woman who had guided Lewis and Clark to the Pacific. He wrote:*

"She never liked to stay or live where she could not see the mountains, for them she called home. For the unseen spirit dwelt in the hills, and a swift running creek could preach a better sermon for her than any mortal could have done. Every morning she thanked the spirits for a new day. She worshiped the white flowers that grew at the snow line on the sides of the tall mountains, for, as she said, she sometimes believed that they were the spirits of little children that had gone away, but reappeared every spring to gladden the pathway of those now living."

FROM Indians, old trappers, Missionaries, Indian agents and records in the archives, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard has gathered together a great sheaf of facts and memories. These she compiled, after almost thirty years of labor, into a volume on Sacajawea, the expedition papoose, the French husband, and others closely related to her.

Dr. Hebard handled the new red volume with a gesture of affectionate regret at its completion. "I have really lived in a state of suspense," she said, "from the time I began work on Sacajawea until the book was published. Never a day came but there was the anticipation and often the gratification of finding some clue, some new fact that helped to solve the question of Sacajawea's fate." This is the ninth book she has had published, but its long gestation period has given it a preference over the others in her affection.

Dr. Hebard is an indefatigable worker in western history. It is a commentary on our youth as a nation that we tend to underestimate the value of historical research. We are interested in the startling disclosures, of course, but we are perhaps still too near to the events of our nation's founding to realize the importance of preserving the details. To the investigators—very often little known—who go steadily on, collecting, compiling and publishing, we owe a great debt, and an appreciation of their efforts.

It is worthwhile to go adventuring into the past with them!

*_Sacajawea_. By Grace Raymond Hebard, Arthur H. Clark, 1933. Page 242. Reproduced by permission of the author.

With New Vision

By Juanita Brooks

JOHN'S voice rang out full-throated and clear, keeping time to the *"sping-spong"* of the milk as it struck the bottom of his tin bucket.

"Oh, Zion, dear Zion,
Home of the free
Where the pure breezes blow
And the clear streamlets flow
How I long to your bosom to flee."

Mary paused a moment in her task of stirring mush. How she wished that song had never been written! Things were bad enough, but that—yet her husband sang it as if he really meant it.

"Pure breezes, indeed," she thought, "so full of pure heat that they scorch worse than fire." Hadn't she watched their grain burn up the year before until they got only eight bushels when they should have had many times that amount? Hadn't she carried water in buckets a mile and a half to try to keep alive her few precious trees? "And as for clear streamlets—well, I wonder if anyone ever saw the Virgin River clear." Yet her husband could sing of pure breezes and clear streamlets.

She looked about her. From the dug-out where she had spent two winters her youngest child was crawling. Her oldest girl was gravely brushing flies from the table with a green cottonwood branch. Since warm weather came, the family had moved out-of-doors under the willow shed—the stove on some rocks at one side and the home-made table in the center.

A great wave of home-sickness swept over her. "Oh, these ugly, ugly, red hills," she sighed. "They're so bare, so glaring. It seems like they gather up every bit of heat and throw it back at us. At home, the Alps—" Her memory pictured distant peaks and heavily-wooded green slopes.

She thought of the comfortable home she had left, the shining kitchen with its big stone oven, the living room with its wedding-gift ornaments. The cherry tree and the giant linden would be in bloom about now; she almost imagined she could smell their fragrance.

They would have been moderately wealthy if they had stayed home, but—in her mind's eye she saw again the two boyish strangers as they introduced themselves in broken German. She had been thrilled by their story of a new church, and the light in her husband's face told how deeply he had been impressed. But the crowning conviction had come when she witnessed the miracle. When she saw her neighbor who had been crippled with rheumatism for years baptized in the lake in a hole cut through foot-thick ice come out of the water and walk away without his crutches, she had been sure she could never again doubt the truth of what she had heard. When she saw this same neighbor straight and well again, the hump gone from his back and the knots from his hands, and had bade him goodbye as he left for Zion, she thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to come too. But she had not expected this!

How happy she had been through all their preparations for leaving! Even the auction sale at which she saw her household treasures pass into other hands had not dampened her spirits. She had been happy through the tedium of the seven-weeks' ocean voyage because she was coming to Zion. She had endured the long trip across the plains, wrap-

ping her swollen feet in gunny-sacks and pulling her share of the two-wheeled cart from Missouri to Salt Lake valley without complaining. She had even been able to join in the song "All Is Well." The looking forward to being in Zion had sustained her. Zion! And this was it!

It wouldn't have been so bad if they could have stayed in Salt Lake City, but this hot, barren land—"It may be the land of the free, all right, but looks like we'd be free to drudge and starve," she thought grimly.

She was called back to the present by the voice of her oldest son asking if breakfast was ready. Her husband came over with the milk; the routine of setting table, having prayers, and serving occupied her, and naturally a quiet woman, her silence this morning caused no comment.

IT was Sunday. All week she had worked at odd times to prepare for this day. The oldest girl, Mary Ann, now twelve, had been able to make herself a new dress, and she was justly proud of it. She had earned the cotton by picking for a neighbor; she had done all the work of dyeing, spinning and weaving. The result had been a checked material, of dull green, broken by red and blue threads. The green color traced its origin to the chaparrel that grew wild, the red to dogberries from the creek bottom, and the blue to indigo. Then the child had actually done all the needlework, and the finished dress was a not too beautiful monument to her industry. To go with the dress there was a new straw hat, braided and shaped by the mother, and trimmed with "artificials" or designs in colored straw. Since it was Mary Ann's first new outfit in two years, it was considered quite grand. It made it necessary, however, that the two younger girls must have new dresses also, a real problem until the mother unselfishly cut up one of her own to provide material. So all of the children were in a Sunday humor.

Mary went to service this morning not because she had the spirit of worship, but out of force of habit and because she did not want to answer the questions she would arouse by staying home. There was no church house yet in the little town; the meeting was held under a large cottonwood tree, with stumps and planks for benches. Nothing looked good to her: the seats were low and had no backs, flies buzzed, the sun sifted through the leaves. It seemed as if the services were designed especially for her, yet she was unmoved except for private sarcastic remarks with which she entertained herself.

That first song for instance:

"Look up nor fear, the day is near
God giveth freely when we call
Our utmost need is oft decreed
And Providence is over all."

Her husband sang with genuine enjoyment, taking the bass in deep, rich notes, coming out full and strong on the runs. Mary wondered if he did not improvise some of those runs. She objected to that line about God giving freely. Seemed like he had been pretty stingy with his favors, she thought. They'd certainly earned all they had several times over.

It was testimony day. Usually she liked testimony day because the services seemed so spontaneous and sincere, but today it annoyed her so much that she stopped listening and began leafing through her hymn book. Everywhere she met only such titles as "Our Mountain Home So Dear," or "Beautiful Mountain Home"—the only beautiful mountain home she could think of was back in Switzerland, tucked in among the Alps. There was nothing beautiful here, only a forbidding des-

sert, lying in wait to destroy them.

She became conscious of her husband's voice. Unusual for him to bear his testimony in a speech; he usually sang it, starting some familiar hymn which expressed his sentiments and in which the congregation joined. But today he was talking:

"This is a hard country, but it is a free land, and all new countries are hard. But it is a good land and it will repay us many times for our effort." (How she wished she could believe that. John was so optimistic. She'd never heard him once even hint that he was sorry he had come. He always looked forward so confidently that she sometimes wondered as to his judgment). "And this is a beautiful land. When I see these hills in all their lovely colors, I think the Lord has done his best to make this a beautiful place for his people. I always feel good to think that I may be able to work with Him and help just a little to add to that beauty. But when I see the sunsets like the one last night I —I don't know how to say it, but it almost hurts me, it is so beautiful. I think it must be a little reflection of the glory of God which he shows us to help us from getting too discouraged."

Something stirred in Mary's heart. Dear old John. He had to struggle at times to keep a stiff upper lip, too. She wished she had been more helpful, but she had thought that he didn't care for beautiful things; that it was only she who missed the pictures and silver, and the flowers. She had never noticed the sunsets; she hadn't had time. John's voice went on:

"It is not only for ourselves but for our children that we are working. It is hard for us all now, but I believe the time will come when we will have comfortable homes and we will be blessed with plenty. Our children will have advantages which they could never have enjoyed if we had not come to this land."

"Dear Lord, grant that it may be so," Mary prayed silently.

She looked up at her husband. His eyes were glowing—his face was almost radiant. He believed what he was saying! And suddenly, strangely, she believed it, too. She did not hear him finish his speech because something happened to her. All her life long, she thought of it as a vision. She saw clearly, a two-story adobe house standing just over the present dug-out. It had three windows in the roof with a pointed gable over each. The mulberry tree she had nursed for two years was so large that its branches reached over the roof. Climbing vines covered one side of the walls and in front iris, roses, hollyhocks, and other flowers were blooming. Her home? She knew it.

If there were other speakers, she heard none of them. She collected herself with a start as the Bishop announced the closing hymn, "O Ye Mountains High." How long had she been lost in thought? She glanced hurriedly about; no one had seemed to notice. As the congregation began on the opening lines she looked up to where Old Pine Valley Mountain towered in the east, a mass of billowy, white clouds on its summit, the colorful hills at its base. Beautiful? Yes, so beautiful, that as John had said, it almost hurt.

A few minutes later, John became conscious that his wife was singing as he had not heard her sing for a long time—"Oh, Zion, dear Zion"—on the last chorus she turned to him with a smile in her eyes and slipped her hand into his. His heart leaped. Though he did not know just what had happened, he was happier than he had been in two years.

Not Bread Alone

By Elsie C. Carroll

II

LINDA snuggled closer against Henry's side, careful not to interfere with his steering of the car. He looked down at her and asked:

"Are you really happy, sweetheart?"

"So happy I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"That it can't last. It seems too good to be true that anyone can be as happy as I am. Won't we wake up and find it's a dream?"

"You're sweet, Linda. I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

It was an afternoon in September. They had been married a week and were on their way to Henry's home.

His father had died a few days after his stroke in the spring. Henry had not come back to school, but had been helping his brothers on the farm all summer. Linda had been with her uncle, busy with her sewing and making the most of their last weeks of happy companionship.

She and Henry had spent most of the days since their wedding in town, being entertained by their college friends. Then there had been that last day at the Hutch, spent in packing Linda's things, visiting old haunts, and trying to cheer Uncle Peter.

And now in a few hours they would be in Cedar Basin. Linda would be meeting Henry's mother and brothers and sister whom she had never seen. Little nervous chills kept running up and down her spine. She had a feeling of dread, too. She wished they could be going to a place of their own. But Henry had explained how impossible that would be at present. There were the funeral expenses of his father, and the mortgage, and the uncertainty of the crops. She tried to make him feel that she didn't mind. She had even declared that it would be fun living with his folks for awhile, getting acquainted, and finding out what kind of son he was. When he expressed a hope that she would like his people, she assured him that she couldn't help loving anyone who belonged to him.

"But suppose your folks don't like me?" she said with a little shiver.

"Suppose something possible," he answered, pressing her hand which had stolen into the crook of his arm.

"But really, I *am* frightened," she insisted. Everything will be so strange. I haven't let myself think about it before. I've been too happy. But now we're getting almost there, you say. Perhaps I won't know how to do things the way they think I should. Honestly, darling, do you think they'll like me?"

"They'll be as crazy about you as I am—unless it's Mel. You know he didn't want me to get married. But you mustn't mind anything he says or does. He's taking the responsibility of things since Dad went awfully hard, and sometimes is cross and unreasonable. I've always worshiped Mel, until he made such a fuss when I wanted to go to school. We've never got back on our old grounds again. But he's got to learn that I'm a man now as well as he is, and can do what I want to in some things even if we must work together for awhile. Likely as not when he sees you though he'll be jealous and wish he was married himself."

"If only they'll all like me, and if I won't feel afraid of them."

"*They'll* feel afraid of you, if anything—a college girl and a great musician. They'll be wondering if you'll like them. And that's what I keep wondering too. I've tried to make you understand how different from other people we are away out here in the sticks. But I don't know whether I've succeeded or not."

"Tell me about them all again, so I'll sort of feel acquainted."

"Well, there's mother. You'll feel sorry for her. She's never got over Dad's death. That and her other troubles too—I told you about Effie running away when she was a kid with that traveling salesman and coming back a little before Dicky was born. The rest of us were too young to feel the disgrace of it at the time as mother did, and since we're older we can see how it might have happened to any girl. But mother has never got over it."

"Poor Effie! How she must have suffered," said Linda. "I'll love her I know, and her poor little crippled boy."

"I'm sure you will. And as soon as Effie finds out how big and tolerant you are, she'll adore you. She's always afraid that everyone is going to feel like mother does about her mistake. As for Dicky, no one could help loving that poor little shaver."

"Then there's your younger brother, Thad is it? Tell me something about him."

"He's just a gawky kid now, too bashful to speak to a stranger and too lazy to keep his neck and ears clean. You probably won't see him for a week."

"I'll be glad when the first meetings are over. And I hope they won't mind our staying there—while we have to."

"Of course they won't. They all know how it is. If only the price of wheat would go up, and if we could have a good potato crop we might begin planning soon to go by ourselves."

"Won't it be glorious when we *do* start making a home of our own?"

IT was almost evening when the road led them to the top of a ridge overlooking a broad lowland. Henry stopped the car and pointed to the east side of the depression where a few hundred acres of land had been cleared and cultivated and where, at the nearer border of the fields, Linda could see a small cluster of houses.

"Well, there it is—Cedar Basin, home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bowers." He put his arms about her and looked anxiously down into her face.

Linda was filled with dismay. Surely, she thought, he must be trying to tease her. That squalid, ugly little town could not be Henry's home. But soon she realized it was no joke. He was expecting her to say something.

"Well, sweetheart, how do you like it?"

"Why—I—I can't tell from here," she stammered. "I—didn't realize it would be so—so—small."

"I told you the total population is only four hundred thirty-five. There are only sixty-seven families. Are you disappointed?"

"No, no. Of course not. Let's hurry. I want to see everything."

She didn't want him to discover her feelings. He lifted her face and kissed her before throwing in the clutch.

"Remember, darling, that we are not planning to stay here always."

Those words gave her something to cling to. Of course she could stand it a few years. She could stand any kind of place that long—with Henry.

They wound through scrub cedars and sage brush down into the basin. The ground was dry and dusty.

There was no grass under the trees; only clumps of low-growing brush here and there and a few stunted sun-flowers.

As they neared the town, Linda's eyes took in more of the details. But these did little to hearten her. The houses were all frame structures, a few of them two stories, but most of them only one. Here and there was evidence that in times past one of the buildings had been painted. Around the houses were nondescript fences enclosing gardens, in the main overgrown with weeds. Barns and sheds and corrals were part of each home unit, as were also old-fashioned wells and privies.

"That building with the bell-tower is the school house," Henry explained. "The church is next to it and the post office and store are across the street. There's a garage and a blacksmith shop around the next corner and Jim Bancroft, who lives in that two-story house on the next street, keeps the travel."

Linda followed his pointing hand with her eyes, hoping he couldn't guess how she was feeling inside.

"And right over there," he indicated a house at the farther edge of the town, "is home."

The house was one of the larger ones which had once been painted. But as they drew nearer, she noted that it revealed the same lack of care and pride as the other homes. The gate sagged; pickets were missing from the fence; the garden was choked with weeds; and the two poplar trees growing in the dooryard were beginning to die at the top.

Henry began to whistle a bit nervously as he steered in toward the gate.

Linda's hands were clutching his arm. She was trembling with excitement and dread.

"Do you think—"

"Hello, Dicky," Henry called to a child playing at the side of the house, and a little white-faced boy of about ten years came limping toward them. Linda smiled into his big brown eyes, and felt suddenly reassured. No matter what the others were like, she and Dicky would be friends.

Henry's voice brought a rush to the door, and in a moment the car was surrounded.

"We've been looking for you for two days," said the big dark young man, taller and darker even than Henry, who came first, and who Linda knew was Melville. He began looking at her appraisingly, as he would look, Linda thought, at a piece of machinery Henry might have brought home. She supposed things Henry had said had prejudiced her against Melville. But as he opened the car door and held his hand out to her, his look changed, and she suddenly felt her cheeks burning.

"So you are the new Mrs. Bowers. Well, well. I wish Hen would show as good judgment in other things as he has in picking a wife."

Linda could see that Henry was not only relieved, but immensely pleased at Melville's reception of her. They got out of the car and Henry proceeded with the introductions.

"Mother, this is Linda," he said as he kissed the faded woman in a faded, ill-fitting gingham dress who had been the last to come from the house. Linda stretched out both her hands and leaned forward to kiss this strange woman who was her husband's mother and whom she had hoped might seem like a mother to her.

"I can't get used to thinking that Henry is married," Mrs. Bowers said in a high, plaintive drawl. Her hands were limp and felt clammy. Linda felt sorry for her. She had no doubt that she herself might feel

as tragic as this woman looked if Henry should have a stroke and die. And Mrs. Bowers, she remembered, had had other troubles. She looked for Effie and saw her standing back from the others by the gate, waiting to see the verdict of this new sister-in-law against her past. She was a slender, dark woman of twenty-eight, who, Linda was sure had once been very pretty. Now she was sallow and slightly stooped and there was a baffled, shamed expression in her dark eyes.

Linda rushed to her and put her arms about her.

"You're Effie, aren't you? I'm so glad Henry has a sister," and she kissed the startled woman on both cheeks. Then she turned to Dicky who stood shyly beside his mother.

"And I know who you are too. You're Dicky, and you're the first one I saw, and I knew right away that we were going to be friends. What were you making there at the side of the house when we came up?"

"An airplane." Dicky was looking curiously at her from the corner of his eyes.

"I thought so. May I see it after awhile?" He nodded and fumbled at his mother's apron.

"Come on over, Thad," Henry called to a lanky boy standing by the well. "Linda won't bite you, and we need you to help unload this stuff."

Blushing and moving awkwardly Thad came to the group. Linda held out her hand.

"Of course I won't bite you. I won't even kiss you, for I know you'd think that a lot worse. But I'm awfully glad to know you, Thad. Don't let your big brothers make you do all the work." Thad grinned and looked down at the toe of his shoe.

"No danger of that," laughed Mel. "It's a bigger job to get him to do anything than it is to do it yourself."

The women went into the house, while the boys took the bags and boxes and Linda's cedar chest from the back of the car.

"I expect you're pretty tired," Mrs. Bowers said. "Effie has supper nearly ready."

The living room floor was covered with a rag carpet. Cheesecloth curtains hung at the windows. There were a table, several chairs, and an old plush sofa. Over the fireplace was an enlarged picture of a man with eyes like Henry's, a chin like Thad's and a long straight nose like Mel's and Effie's.

"That's Pa," Mrs. Bowers said as she saw Linda looking at the picture. She took her handkerchief from her apron pocket and wiped her eyes. "I guess Henry's told you about the stroke that took him off last May. I just can't get used to him bein' gone. He seen about everything. The boys can't manage like he could. Death's a awful thing. I used to say they was things worse than death—but I didn't know how it would seem with Pa gone."

Linda put her arm across the woman's shoulders and tried to comfort her.

"I know it's terrible. My mother died when I was twelve. But you have lots to live for yet—Mrs. Bowers." Linda hesitated before the name, but she suddenly realized she could never call this woman mother. "You have a fine family that must be a comfort to you."

"Yes, if they'll all just do right," the mother sighed. "But I've had my troubles besides Pa's death."

Linda heard a pan drop in the kitchen.

"I wonder if I couldn't help Effie," she said and left her mother-in-law looking mournfully at the picture over the mantle.

TWO weeks later Linda wrote to her uncle.

"Uncle Peter, darling,

"In my letter last week I told you about Henry's home and folks and how strange things seemed. But I didn't tell you how desperately homesick I was to see you. I was afraid if I wrote one word about how much I miss our beautiful life together, I would weep all over my letter and you would come and take me away from Henry.

"Now I am beginning to emerge as an individual out of this new environment which I thought at first was going to drown everything that was really me, and I've met my first crisis, and feel head and shoulders taller as a woman than I did when I told you good-bye.

"You remember what you said under the pear tree that night last spring when I told you how much I loved Henry—about bread alone not being enough for life. Every day I'm finding out more and more what you meant. The people here, as you had guessed, don't know there is anything but bread to work for.

"But now for what happened.

"Your precious letter and check for eight hundred dollars to buy my piano (you know, darling, that if I lived to be a thousand and kept on saying, 'thank you! thank you! thank you!' I couldn't tell you how thankful I am for that and everything else you have done for me)—well, it came the same day as a notice about the interest on the farm mortgage. Don't blame them too much, darling. They've had it dreadfully hard and they don't know how indispensable the 'un-bread' things are in life; but they thought—even Henry—that I should let them borrow five hundred dollars of that money. You can see what it would have meant, giving up my piano.

"You've no idea how hard it was to stand out against them when they needed it so. Melville has a dreadfully dominating personality—I feel a little bit afraid of him all the time, and in her weak, pathetic way Henry's mother is strong, too. Henry wouldn't take a very definite stand either way, but I knew he hoped I would see it as the others did. He insisted that I must have the piano, but suggested that I pay the three hundred dollars that would be left down, and pay the rest as they could raise it on the farm. That would have meant that I'd have had my piano for a few months, then would have had to give it up.

"One whole night I didn't sleep. I didn't know what to do. I knew it would be hard staying here if Mel and his mother were against me—and with even Henry thinking I had been selfish. But I couldn't bear to give up what meant so much sacrifice on your part and so much to my whole future. Besides, wise darling that you are, you had specified so definitely that the money was for a piano, that I was afraid of what you might do, if I spent it for something else.

"Just at dawn, I dozed off, and I dreamed of Grandmother Marks and the organ she brought across the plains. That gave me courage. I woke Henry up and made him see it as I did, how much it would mean all through our lives. Then I got up and sent the order for the piano.

"Melville and his mother are still mourning because they'll have to sell part of the land to pay the interest, but I am at peace within myself, and I can't wait until the piano gets here.

"I adore you—Saint Peter.

"Your own Linnie."

(To be continued)

A Creator of Jobs

(Cora Carver Ritchie)

By Ada Hurst Brown

IF she will, she will, you may depend upon it."

Years ago this caption was written under the picture of Cora Carver in one of the year books of the Brigham Young University, and a more fitting slogan for her life could not be found.

In a recent letter to Cora, Mrs. Ida S. Peay says, "It has been a long time since you went to school here, but I very distinctly recall you—fair, dainty, attractive, vivacious."

Other people who knew Cora Carver then say that she was much the same as she is now—outstanding, dependable and original. This remarkable woman, who is still young and attractive, besides being a wife, housekeeper, and mother of eight children, has been at different times in her life, cook, school teacher, pioneer, civic worker, painter, musician, advertising and newspaper writer, reader, radio announcer, and business secretary.*

And always she has been an active church worker. She has worked when and where she was asked, though she loves working best with women and children. She has held almost every position that a woman can hold in ward or stake, and she has done this while raising her family of five boys and three girls.

Not only has she will power to carry on but she has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of ideas that she can put to work; and with this capacity she has been able to meet the crises in her life—to find mental and financial support. Where others could not find work, this woman has gone from one good job to a better one, and is still climbing upward. At the same time she is supervising her home, and keeping all of her children in school excepting her baby, who is only five years old.

Mrs. Ritchie says that any woman can have a large family and still be active and progressive if she tries, but that she can't waste time and do it. Her greatest ambition is to keep up with her children and she hopes to go to college with them when they are ready.

"I am sorry for people who do not have big families, and for those who pity me because I do," is the way she expressed it. "After all, the greatest thing in my life is and has always been, my family. Through my children I hope to express all the things I have wanted to do in this life."

She has a lovely, talented family. One child is a violinist. One shows talent for painting and another for writing. And they all bring home excellent report cards. One evening as we sat on her porch talking, her eldest daughter left for a radio station with a roll of script under her arm.

"I am afraid I don't do it very well, mother," she paused to say.

"There is one important thing you have to do," her mother replied, "be true to your character all through and it will be good."

That was advice Mrs. Ritchie could give her daughter out of her own experience as a play director and radio broadcaster, just as she could give advice on dozens of other things she has learned thoroughly. That illustrates why she has become a better mother through her other

*Since this article went to press Mrs. Ritchie has passed to the great beyond.
—*Editor*

CORA CARVER RITCHIE

activities. She can keep up and advise her family in each day's events.

CORA CARVER was born in Plain City, Utah, the daughter of Willard and Delia Moyes Carver. Her grandfather, John Carver, was a patriarch and a pioneer of Weber county. Her grandmother, Elizabeth Murry Moyes, was one of the first women to receive a diploma in Utah to practice midwifery. Mrs. Moyes was known throughout Weber County as a fine doctor and brought many babies into the world. She often rode in lumber wagons fifteen or twenty miles to save a mother and a child after others had given them up.

Cora's parents and grandparents instilled in her the ambitions to learn and to be progressive. The president of her stake once said, "I think I have never seen you when you weren't busy, and you always have an armful of books." Mrs. Ritchie says that doing church work is an education, and if a woman keeps up with the lessons outlined by our church leaders she can gain the equivalent of a college education, besides her spiritual development.

Cora Carver attended Weber College, graduating later from Brigham

Young University, after which she took post-graduate work from the University of Utah. After leaving the B. Y. U. Cora taught school for a few years, then she was married to James D. Ritchie, and continued teaching until a short time before her first baby was born.

Then she moved with her husband to a desert railroad station in Idaho where her husband went into the mercantile business. When the train stopped to let her off, the conductor jokingly said, "No white woman has ever stopped at this station before." He noticed the flowers Mrs. Ritchie carried and continued, "The atmosphere here will kill flowers."

True, there was nothing but sage brush and alkali, but in spite of this in a few years the Ritchies built a lovely home with rose bushes and trees included and helped build on this desert a real town including a depot, a barber shop, and an ice cream parlor.

Mrs. Ritchie enjoyed the achievements of pioneering. To make flowers grow around their first home she carried water in buckets from a slow dripping artesian well. At one time she painted the interior of an eight room house, including eight French doors.

DURING these pioneering days she had many unusual experiences. She drove their Ford car over rough roads after night in a hurry-up call for a doctor for her neighbor, or to deliver a box of baby chicks in order to save their lives. One of her own babies was born a half-hour before the arrival of the doctor as he lived twenty-five miles away. In addition to her other duties she learned to barber, nurse, doctor, and cook. She cut other men's hair as well as her husband's. At one time, before the cafe was opened, she cooked for twenty-two railroad men and served meals in two little rooms. In spite of all this activity her home has always been open to guests and there has nearly always been someone, not of the family, living with them.

At one time when one of her own babies was only a few months old, she took a young war bride in her home and cared for her during her confinement, doing all the nursing of mother and baby herself.

HER greatest inspiration has always come from other women who have achieved success in different lines. She studies their characters, looks for their good points and makes them her own. She has written sketches of many prominent women in Utah and Idaho as well as national leaders.

Her husband and children have always encouraged her in her activities and are very proud of her. Her oldest daughter Beth said, "Mother, I think Dad must have had high ideals and aims in life when he chose you for his wife."

WHEN the crash of 1929 came, the bottom dropped out of everything for the Ritchies. They sold first one home and then another in a frantic effort to save something, only to see this money lost also. But Mrs. Ritchie was not discouraged. These were merely physical losses and could be regained. So with an indomitable spirit she started in to help her eight children.

They had lived in Idaho for eighteen years, but after making a visit to Ogden, they decided to move there. Letters of reference were the only way in which she could sell her ideas to strange business men, so Mrs. Ritchie brought some with her. I quote from some of these letters:

"Mrs. Ritchie is qualified as a lecturer, demonstrator and newspaper worker, has a pleasant personality, and is a hard worker."

"It has been my good fortune to be associated with Mrs. Cora C. Ritchie for the past ten years, both in civic and church affairs, and I have found her to be very efficient, conscientious, and extremely faithful in her work. Her executive ability and the tact to manage large groups of adults and children is very commendable—having had much experience, especially among the latter."

"Mrs. Ritchie is a capable business woman and radio announcer."

"Mrs. Ritchie makes a splendid club member. She has great executive ability, and is most interested in civic affairs as well as cultural. She is a good leader, and charming to work with. She is also a writer of note, having had articles published in local and eastern magazines and papers."

So Mrs. Ritchie tried several things, advertising, radio broadcasting, and various programs for business houses. At first it was hard and poorly paid work. She had begun writing and selling some material before her eighth child was born, and now again she wrote and sold some articles and stories in connection with business advertising. In all, she has had material appearing in eighty-six different publications including two magazines for which she wrote something every month.

It was in November, 1933, while Mrs. Ritchie was working at advertising, that she received the greatest blow of her life when she lost by death her oldest son, Willard. He was a big, strong, healthy nineteen-year-old boy, suddenly stricken with appendicitis. This was something that with all her courage and will power she could not replace, and she still suffers intensely though courageously from his loss.

In January of 1934 Mrs. Ritchie was appointed secretary of the Industrial Division of the Ogden Chamber of Commerce. She immediately started a campaign to acquaint the women of Weber County with its ninety-three industries. To do this, she conducted thousands of women and girls in groups which sometimes contained as many as ninety people through the industrial plants of Ogden. She gave talks before hundreds of them in clubs and churches, and demonstrated in stores and schools. She presented various advertising programs, writing her own copy. Her ideas for these are original and seem inexhaustible.

This was accomplished while the depression was in full swing. Men and women were losing their jobs daily. Mrs. Ritchie realized this, but she knew also that she must have a job after such financial losses, and with her husband out of work. Of this time she says, "I knew it would do no good to apply or send in my name for a job. I had seen my own husband and son wear out too many pairs of shoes hunting for jobs. There just weren't any. Well, all my life if I didn't have the right thing my recipe called for, or enough goods of one color to make one of my girls a dress, I'd substitute something. I figured out other ways. If there wasn't a job, I'd make one."

"I had to plan and use common sense and persistent effort. I learned that business men are human, and if you have a worth-while plan to present, especially if it is original, they will usually give you courteous interviews, but women should bear in mind that business men are accosted perhaps hundreds of times daily by someone eager to get a job or to be assisted in some way. So be sure your plan will stand the test before you ask for an interview. Don't think because you are a woman you deserve more consideration than a man. Meet a business man as a business man. Above all, don't waste time. Make it snappy."

"The world is full of wonderful new things to do. Never before has woman had such opportunities for big business, but she has no right to enter the business field if it means

neglecting her duties as wife and mother. Originally God in His business-like world, planned woman for the home. Business should be only secondary."

It is a pleasure to visit the Ritchie home. The children are healthy and well-trained, so I am sure they have not suffered because their mother is away from home so much.

In the last two years Mrs. Ritchie has had offers from some of the largest industries in Utah and has assisted many other women to get jobs. It is interesting to note that every job that she had held has been one she has created. One manager of a large industry said, "Mrs. Ritchie is, what shall I say? Original, yes. A pioneer, yes. But more than that, she is a creator."

Another manager said, "I believe Mrs. Ritchie could sell refrigerators to an Eskimo."

Another reason why this exceptional woman is in such great demand, is because she has always given more than her job required. She is energetic, dependable and unusually original. She has the persistence and will power to overcome obstacles.

"If she will, she will, and you may depend upon it."

The Toil of the Desert

By Ruth May Fox

Ye mighty sentinels that ever guard the way
To mystic silences and solitude profound;
What lurid tales your whisperings might tell
Of tempests, toil and sacrifice,
Of Indian war-whoops, of coyotes' hideous cry,
Of parching tongues and hunger's piteous stare.

Away with plaints and tears! the desert must be quelled,
And love was ever brave; from humble cabin-home
Within the shadow of yon towering peaks,
With anxious hearts and tender, fond caress
Each morn, two wedded lovers parted at the gate,
He to wring bread from almost sterile soil,
She to homely tasks—to watch and wait and pray.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, the little clock,
How slow to mark the hour, tick, tick, tick, tick—
O joy! O love! she hastens to the door
And in her husband's sympathetic arms
Pours forth the longings and perils of the day,
And then rewards his toil with smiles of sweet content.

At length the baby came with all its soothing wiles,
Welding forever two happy, grateful hearts;
For this great gift how gladly each would toil,
Would make the wilderness a lovely dwelling place—
Alas! alas! the arid air sighs round the cabin-home,
The mother's song, the prattling tongue are no more heard—
The sorrowing widowed father where is he?

No more transcendent are your glowing heights
Than the brave souls that braved the Southern wilds,
To conquer or to die that desert lands might blossom as the rose
That your magnificence, O Zion's Park
Might herald forth God's glorious Name
And summon all the world to come and see.

Julia Stratford Budge

By Annie Budge

JULIA STRATFORD BUDGE, daughter of George and Eliza Barwell Stratford, was born at Muldoon, Essex, England, September 20th, 1839, and with other members of her father's family, became, when a child, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When seventeen years of age, William Budge, then a traveling Elder in the British Mission, was introduced to her by her brother-in-law, the late President Charles W. Penrose. The courtship was only of two weeks duration, and the young people were married on the 24th day of September, 1856. Until her death, on the 27th day of September, 1912—almost fifty-six years —they endured together the trials and vicissitudes of life with a constant loyalty and fortitude that only true hearts and strong characters can manifest.

They resided, while in England, at 15 Jewin Street, London, where one son was born to them. This baby died when only a month old, and the loss of this little one proved to be only an earnest of many similar distressing experiences which were to come to them.

ON May 10th, 1860, they embarked for America on the sailing vessel "William Tapscott," with a company of six hundred "Mormon" immigrants, who during the voyage, were under the direct supervision of Elder Budge.

The ship's company was quarantined on arrival at New York, and after a considerable period of detention, was permitted to proceed to Florence, Nebraska, where it arrived October 5th, 1860. At this point the Saints were outfitted for the journey overland by ox teams to Salt Lake City, and although Elder Budge was wholly uninformed concerning the great West and the manner and means of transportation, his influence with the company of Saints was such that he was chosen as Captain of the last company (seventy-two wagons) to cross the plains in 1860. He was fortunate to have appointed as his assistant, Nephi Johnson, an experienced scout and plainsman who was a never-failing help in managing the company affairs and in directing operations.

While the caravan wended its way across the great stretch of western prairie, Sister Budge, who had held her baby constantly to save its pain-racked body from greater suffering, saw it gradually weaken until it passed away, and the following morning some men of the company observed Elder Budge excavating a burial place for his baby boy. They kindly relieved him of his sad task and extended their sympathetic aid in preparing a casket from some rough boards and in consigning the mortal remains of the little pioneer to Mother Earth—just one of the many to fall by the wayside in the great trek of emigrants to the valleys of the mountains.

THE company arrived at Salt Lake City October 5th, 1860, after a three months journey. Elder Budge, being anxious to begin earning a livelihood, acquired a small tract of land at Farmington, sixteen miles North of Salt Lake, and he and his sorrowing wife there took up their abode. Their first home was

a one room cabin of rough uneven logs, between which daylight was always discernible. They had brought with them from Florence a stove, some bedding, and a very few articles of household equipment, but their food supply consisted of nothing more than one-half a sack of flour. Sister Budge had, however, some buttons, pins and needles, given to her by the Saints in London, some of which she exchanged with neighbors for articles of food. Elder Budge was privileged to dig some very small potatoes on shares, which aided materially to satisfy their hunger. However, more than once she and her husband for days had no other food except bread and water. Being unaccustomed to pioneer life, Elder Budge found it difficult indeed, after almost ten years of continuous missionary service, to adjust himself to the strenuous physical labor necessary to provide a livelihood, and the difficulty was accentuated by the lack of proper food. He joined other inhabitants of the town in getting out a winter's supply of wood from the nearby canyon, and otherwise endeavored to take care of indispensable requirements.

THEY resided in Farmington for four years, during which time the place was visited by terrific wind storms, one of which, during the winter of 1863-4, arose while Elder Budge was returning home from Salt Lake City. He had ridden part way with a neighbor who, because of the intensity of the storm, endeavored to persuade Elder Budge to remain with him for the night, but the invitation was declined, and after fighting his way afoot for some hours, he arrived at his cabin to find that his wife had taken refuge in a lean-to, which seemed to afford better protection from the whirling snow which came through between the logs. Added to her own discomfort and peril was the frantic fear for the safety of her husband. Elder Budge brought in wood and made a fire, and they were soon in comparative comfort. Next morning the bodies of a woman and her child were found frozen by the roadside a short distance from the Budge home. The woman had attempted to make her way to the home of a neighbor and had been overcome by the storm.

This experience contributed to cause the Budges to rejoice when President Brigham Young called Elder Budge to remove to Providence, Cache County, to become Bishop of that ward in 1864, where they resided until 1870, when Elder Budge was requested by President Young to take up his abode in Paris, Bear Lake County, Idaho.

The Bear Lake country was settled in 1863 by colonists under Apostle Charles C. Rich, and in 1870 was still a frontier of civilization. Log cabins with dirt floors were the type of habitation for the early settlers. The nearest railroad point was at Evanston, Wyoming, ninety miles distant from Paris. The climate, while pleasant enough for two or three months in the summer, was extremely severe in winter. The six thousand feet elevation brought blizzards and cold which caused much sickness and suffering among the people. There was not a doctor in the valley and home remedies and treatment were often inadequate.

IN June, 1878, Elder Budge left for England to preside over the European Mission. At that time he had three families and seventeen children. Julia, sixteen years old, was the oldest daughter, and Arthur, fifteen, of "Aunt Lizzie's" family, the oldest son.

The suffering and hardships en-

dured during the years of Elder Budge's absence was enough to discourage the most valiant. After the birth of her last son (three months after her husband's departure) Sister Budge was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and had to depend on what Julia and Annie and kind neighbors could do for her. A number of the children in the family were stricken with diphtheria, and these conditions, added to the dire poverty the families were compelled to experience, were distressing to the entire household.

Through all the years of pioneering, Sister Budge never faltered in her absolute devotion to her family; yet of twelve children born to her, she lost five boys and three girls. Three daughters, Mrs. Julia B. Nibley, of Salt Lake City, Miss Annie Budge and Mrs. H. Smith Woolley, of Logan, and Jesse R. S. Budge, of Salt Lake City, survive. Her sorrows were multiplied and her grief never ending, but she endured adversity with the fortitude of a martyr. It may also be said that no one was more kindly disposed in assisting other members of the community who were in need or distressed. Not one of the robust, hardy type, but gentle and sensitive in her nature, the trials which were heaped upon her, which to some might have operated as the "Refiner's fire," were unnecessary to improve or perfect this sweet and lovable woman. These trials were not necessary to mellow her disposition or to teach her patience or love or loyalty or fortitude, for all these virtues were nature's gift to her in the beginning. Blessed be her memory as an inspiration to all who knew her.

To Our Utah Pioneers

By Edna J. Gardiner

With heads erect—with courage high
You faced the unknown West
With vision and with trust in God
You gave your humble best.

You trekked across unending plains
Through sun and bitter cold;
You gave your all that we might see
God's purposes unfold.

The zest of youth you freely gave
To God and home and nation;
The twilight of your lives reveals
A hallowed consecration.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JULY—Now is golden summer with its mystic call to the great out doors.

MADAM SCHUMANN-HEINK, the singer, Caroline Miller, the novelist, and Amelia Earhart, the aviator, are among 13 prominent women who received honorary degrees from Oglethorpe University last May.

MRS. LILLIAN M. GILBRETH of New York has been made professor of management of engineering at Purdue University. She is the first woman appointed to the teaching staff of a school of engineering.

LOUISE Y. ROBISON, President of National Women's Relief Society, has proven a valuable member of Utah's new state welfare board. She is the only woman on the board.

EVA LE GALLIENNE'S declaration that "only after ten years experience on the stage does one really begin to act," is called her "slight to youth." Jane Cowl, Elizabeth Bergner and Phillip Meredith are among a number of the really fine actors who support her contention.

GRACE MOORE sang in a short operatic season in London in honor of the King's silver jubilee.

PRINCESS JULIANA of Holland is reported engaged to Prince Carl Johan of Sweden.

INGRID, Princess of Sweden and Crown Princess of Denmark, after the solemn marriage ceremony drove to her mother's burial place and laid there her myrtle wreath, and bouquet of lilies of the valley. The tender sentiment of this lovely princess was evident all through the wedding service. She wore her mother's bridal dress and veil, and carefully kept orange blossoms. Her only ornament a wreath of myrtle, while among her costly gifts lay a 17th century brooch of diamonds and pearls once owned by the father of Frederic the Great, the gift of King Gustaf, a modern diamond brooch, the gift of Prince Gustaf Adolph, and a sapphire pendant, the gift of King George V of England.

FRAU KAUS, German author, has written the biography of Catharine II, Empress of Russia. The book is tense and thrilling from cover to cover and is a fine interpretive portrait. It is one of the most outstanding books in recent literature.

KATHARINE SEABURY cryptically remarks in the preface to her new book, "The Fun of Having Children," "It is rather adventurous of one who is merely a mother to write about bringing up children when the world is full of child experts." The book is well worth reading and full of wise deductions, nevertheless, though written by a "mere mother."

RACHEL FIELDS' new book, "Time Out of Mind," is another interesting saga of New England life with a setting among the shipbuilders of the Maine coast.

ANNE BRIDGE, Esther Forbes, Vicki Baum, Helen Simpson, Angela Thirkell, Madelon Inlofs (a Netherlander) are among the popular women novelists offering new books this year for summer reading.

Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella Marler Hoggan

KEEP GROWING

"Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than
the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by
life's unresting sea."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A BELIEF in eternal progression, through obedience to law, is the urge that inspires all true Latter-day Saints to a course of study and action ever upward and onward.

There is no half way mark. The law of the universe is "grow or die," "use or lose," "inaction means decay." Unless we use the powers vested in us they shall diminish and slip out of our fingers. There is no standing still in nature or human nature. We must go forward or we shall, of necessity, fall behind. Everything that impedes the forward movement of progress is pushed aside and cast into the discard. The human race is moving ahead, the trend of civilization is forever upward. It is divinely planned that we shall keep growing.

The poet Longfellow, when asked how he retained his youth and continued to write with the same inspiration and beauty of earlier years, pointed to a blossoming apple-tree in the yard near by, and reminded his friends that the beauty and fragrance of the apple bloom did not diminish with the years. "Every year," said he, "that tree adds a little new wood to its growth. I take a lesson from that tree."

Are we adding a little new wood, a little strength and beauty, to our personality from year to year? Are we reaching out and up to that ideal of perfection set for our eternal joy? Like Mary of old do we "sit at the Master's feet" to be taught in his loving wisdom, or, are we like Martha "cumbered with much serving"?

If an angel of the Lord were to call at our humble abode each day at twilight, would we be satisfied to re-

port repeatedly "Lord, I have just kept house today"?

Real and enduring satisfactions come from growth and development; a knowledge, as Stuart Sherman says, of being fully and adequately used.

Ellis Parker Butler says, "The most important business of life, is making the most of the best that is in us."

The human heart is forever in quest of truth, of self-realization. "What is worth while?" we ask ourselves, "What, in the end, will bring us the greatest joy?" Mormonism has put the question, "What is the purpose of life from God's point of view?" Where can we find a higher ideal?

"The very farthest star
But rims a sea of other stars
That stretches just as far.
The greatest joy of joys shall be
The joy of going on."

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

The easy path leads into the valley of disappointed hopes. Good intentions, never carried into action, do not advance our progress. If we become too occupied with work-a-day tasks, we unconsciously "go to seed" early. Then, after a while, we find ourselves trudging along the uneventful path of regret, seeking to rejuvenate, longing for the "Fountain of youth."

If we would keep young, we must refresh and renew ourselves often, mentally as well as physically. Growth and development are the magic keepers of the gates of life, who close the door against failure and old age. Surely growth is the secret of eternal youth, and "The glory of God is intelligence," even as the Prophet Joseph Smith told us.

In the *Improvement Era* for February, 1933, Jay B. Nash, in an article on leisure, summed up his philosophy of youth. Here are a few of his clear cut sentences: "People grow old by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. To keep young means to keep on living—it means meeting life."

Years ago that great teacher, Dr. White, said, "I want my children to drink from a running brook and not from a stagnant pool." Is the stream of our life flowing onward into the infinite sea of truth and beauty, or is it stagnating in a murky bog? Has it lost its sparkling joy, its rippling song of laughter? Can we not clear away the debris that impedes its forward movement, that it may go on its way carrying life and hope to the blossoming flowers on the sunny slopes and in the woodland valleys?

IF we do not replenish the fire on the hearth we soon have only dead ashes and a spent blaze. We can not draw out of the bank more money than we have deposited. We take out of life only as much as we have put into it. Ralph Parlette, in The University of Hard Knocks, reminds us that even if we go to the ocean we can not carry away more than a pint of water, if we bring only a pint container; while we may obtain a gallon from the smallest mountain stream, if we carry with us a gallon measure.

We can gather unto ourselves only that portion of eternal values that we are prepared to appreciate and use. The Gospel of Christ is free to all of the children of men, but it will save and exalt us only to the extent that we are able to appreciate it and incorporate it into our lives. We can claim the opulence of the

universe if we are prepared to take advantage of it. But we can not claim even a pauper's share if we are unable to enjoy it and use it.

ANY member of our church who conscientiously follows the courses of study in our various organizations, from year to year, can not help but advance in knowledge and in power. Are we taking advantage of these lessons? Are we living the gospel truths as fast as they are revealed to us? Or, are we too busy to gain eternal salvation? Have we bargained with life for a penny," because it was easier to pay the price? Jessie Rittenhouse' little verse runs something like this:

"I bargained with Life for a penny
Only to learn dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life
Life would have paid."

The women who permit their interests to narrow down to a ladle, a mop, and a dusting pan, are cheating themselves. They are shutting out of their lives a wealth of satisfaction and joy. They are defeating the measure of their creation.

Why should we let the years interfere with our high hopes? Old age is only a phantom shuffling along at our elbow, trying to intimidate us and undo our heroic resolutions to meet life bravely. If we have kept faith with ourselves we need have no fear of her. We can snatch the mask from her weary eyes and laugh her to scorn. For after all, what is this little span of time in the ocean of eternity. The spirit knows no impediment to progress. Can we not claim our own? Can we not echo Pan's glad shout of joy?

"I am Youth, Eternal Youth!
I am the sun rising, I am Poets singing,
I am the New World.
I am a little bird that has broken out of the egg
I am Joy, Joy, Joy."

The Master gave us the divine ideal to struggle toward when he said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48) And Joseph Smith, the Prophet, verified this illuminating ideal in these words, "As God now is, man may become," and Lehi, the ancient prophet, said, "Man is, that he may have joy." With such a promise and such an ideal, is it not imperative that we shall accept the Master's challenge to "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and His righteousness," that all other things may be added unto us.

Growth, eternal youth,
The star of light that gleams
Above the mountain peaks of truth,

beckons us upward and forever onward. In grateful appreciation for so rare a treasure let us count it with our priceless keepsakes.

Kindred

By Lydia Hall

O little crimson headed bird
I don't suppose it's true
That when you stopped to eat the seeds
On that bright plant you knew,
That those gay colored cockscombs there
Catching the late sunshine
Would blend their hues with yours to make
A picture quite divine.

Mathematics in Pioneer Homes

By Jean Cox

"When I can count forty may I reel the yarn?"
"May I measure the gallon of milk for Uncle John when I can count four?"
"May I use the steel yards to weigh carpet rags?"

THESE and countless other requests of the children in the "big house" to participate in the usual grown-up activities showed the almost constant need for practical mathematics. Aunt Alice Hardy expressed it when she made the statement, "Our life was full of mathematics. We had to know and put into practice positive information regarding daily living. There wasn't a day, scarcely an hour when some form of mental arithmetic wasn't needed.

"At "the big house," she continued, as well as in other pioneer homes of sixty years or more ago, it was necessary to know the number of pounds of wool for a yard of cloth, the number of knots to a skein, and the number of threads in a knot." When asked to be more specific, she continued, "For some of our clothing we had to begin with unwashed wool. It took 5 lbs. of wool from the fleece to make one lb. of rolls. It took 1½ lbs. of fine soft twisted yarn for the woof for one yard of linsey. If wool were used for warp it was hard twisted, frequently, however, fine cotton yarn was substituted. In a skein, she continued, there are ten knots of yarn."

"Times change," she commented, "information necessary for daily living when I was a girl seems very strange to the present generation. Few women today know that fifteen knots of yarn were required for one yard of linsey. Probably not one woman in twenty-five knows that there are forty threads in a knot of yarn and that knots are measured by the revolutions of the reel as the yarn is carried from the spindle of the spinning wheel. As each knot was wound off, the thread separating the knots was crossed and another forty revolutions counted. To the careful worker, interruptions while reeling yarn were not considered good form."

When I was a girl, work was not only considered necessary but also an accomplishment. All my life, she repeated, I wanted to work and have always found joy in it. I wasn't more than thirteen when I went over to "Carder Jones," and bargained for one pound of rolls. When I returned one-half of my first effort in spinning, he made the comment, "You will be a good spinner." That was music to my ears, as our family didn't give much praise, although we were always proud of each other's achievements.

In dyeing mathematics were also important, as the relationship of strength of the dye to pounds of yarn determined the shade or hue. The proportion of mordant, which interpreted, was usually salt or vinegar used to set the color, also required careful estimates. It mattered little whether these were measured by spoonsful, quart cups, or by the housewives' original measuring sticks, fingers, or handfuls, measurements mean proportions, whether the unit is large or small. A pinch may be almost as accurate as the present teaspoonfuls. Subconsciously, when working with different materials,

which make finished products, certain standards of measurements or proportions are set up, whether it is the length of cloth from fingers to nose, or the amount of flour required for seven loaves of bread.

Setting up a loom represented computations, as the actual length of the finished cloth could not vary much from the desired length. For certain uses the width of the woven fabric varied several inches, which necessitated careful estimates of required yarns for warp and woof. Women skilled in the art of weaving were able to complete the piece according to estimate with little loss of warp threads. More careful estimates were required for plaids and checks. Frequently one member of the family was both designer and mathematician, whose responsibility it was to figure out yarn requirements for interesting stripes, checks and plaids. Some of these plaids were indeed beautiful, with the backgrounds of blues, reds, or purples, with hair line or wider stripes of orange, green, yellow, or brighter blue. The dyeing requirements were also carefully computed. In these more elaborate weaves, shorter lengths were woven, as the desire for distinctive dress existed then as now. It was rather an interesting mathematical problem to figure to a nicety the knots of yarn required for the different colors.

PIN money as well as clothing money was earned through practice of the home-crafts. The most usual was spinning and knitting. Men's socks were the popular medium of exchange for dress materials, trimmings, and shoes. Yarn for these was frequently earned by spinning on shares. A spinner usually received one-half of the yarn spun. A skilled spinner often spun five skeins in a day. Occasionally a fast worker spun ten skeins in a day. It might be interesting computation to find out how many miles of walking was required for spinning one skein of yarn. Aunt Alice recently made the comment, "It wasn't really hard work for us girls in "the big house," as we usually placed the heads of spinning wheels in the center of the upstairs hall and then as we came together, we visited or listened to reading aloud. Very often, we sang as we worked back and forth in unison. Spinning time was a happy time with us, for it meant new wool dresses for us, and underwear for the men folks."

One of the best means of earning money was knitting socks for men working in mining camps. One pound of yarn was usually sufficient to knit one pair of socks. The knitted socks were sold for 50c a pair. Frequently the pay was in trade. When fingers flew one pair of socks was knitted in a day. These were usually sold in dozen lots of assorted sizes. With the variations in size, it was necessary to change the number of stitches in setting up the sock, as well as vary the length of the foot of the sock, for heels of socks yarn was often doubled and twisted, in some cases heels were knitted double. For dress up and special occasions, women's hose were made of finer yarns. Frequently fancy knitting or striping was done. Sometimes yarn was dyed for hose and dress material in the same dye vat. For summer time, cotton hose were used. These were hand knitted from cotton purchased in the skein.

Hat making also required mathematics, as the hat maker in a family could tell the amount of straw braid required for a hat of an approximate size. If a mixed effect was desired, a certain proportion of the straw would be dyed. For finer hats, straw was split by using a straw splitter.

MAKING of carpets required different computations. Setting up looms for designated number of yards, necessitated accurate figuring and measuring. If a striped warp effect were desired, the number of skeins had to be different, colors also had to be determined. Skilled weavers could tell almost to a ball the number of pounds of rags required for a carpet. Each length had to be measured carefully and an inch or two of carpet warp or yarn woven between each strip as this made a better hem than the heavier rags. The number of pounds of rags per yard varied not only with the size of the strip, but also with the number of warp threads. Where carpets were striped with rags, careful measurements were necessary to not only have stripes match, but also to estimate required pounds of different colored rags. Careful measuring was required to have the carpet just cover the room. Variations of two to six inches in the width of strip were frequently required in order to have the carpet fit the desired floor without the labor of folding under several inches on sides of carpet.

IN the making of quilts many computations were required. The desired length and width of the quilt was the basis for slight variation in different patterns. Here are some problems required for the quilts in Aunt Alice's trousseau. The amounts of material for a blue and yellow compass quilt, which after fifty years of careful use, is one of the treasured possessions of the granddaughters:

One -T- quilt.

One nine-inch star quilt made from cotton scraps.

One flannel quilt not pieced.

One delaine quilt with blocks of plain material set together with strips of tiny triangles of several colors carefully worked out as to arrangement. A delaine quilt with lambs wool bat was a coveted possession—comparable to a satin cover down quilt today.

TROUSSEAU building then as now meant hours of purposeful planning and careful work. Aunt Hattie Reid tells of spinning wool for 25 yards of linsey for a bureau which cost $7.00. She also earned money by spinnnig to buy a bedside table or stand. In addition to the usual six quilts, there were usually six linsey sheets, dresses, underwear and household linen, etc., which were made in the home from material for which were often exchanged socks and yarn.

STANDARDS of workmanship were high. No one was content with less than the best they could do. Satisfactory accomplishments in different crafts in a way reflected personal standards of honor. More exact measurements were demanded for finer pieces, on which the comment was frequently made, "That is an honest pair of socks," or, "That is an honest piece of furniture."

Whether or not the great need for creating subsistence motivated desire for work in the pioneer family, the fact remains that creating activities within the home, business or farm, stimulated interest and made work both desirable and pleasurable. One charming woman of the earlier days recently made the statement, "All my life I have wanted to work and I can always find something to do."

How the other half lives has always been an interesting challenge to those interested in human welfare. How the previous generation has solved their problems is equally challenging. If the other aunts and uncles of the "big house" might

speak, a volume would be needed to tell of the comings and goings, the joys and sorrows of the group who, in the evening, sang favorite songs to the accompaniment of grandfather's flute.

Happy Mothers

By Marba C. Josephson

WHEN Johnny starts "one, free, five," the time is ripe for him to learn to count. While it is mother's duty to reenforce school training, it is her joy to be the secret mover in fanning into a flame the spark of interest for the informal learning of life. Hers is the training of the child's spontaneous reaction to the magic of his experiences. These ideas that he gains informally are frequently the ones he learns best.

His counting, his learning of colors, his acquisition of new words can be made fascinating games. While he swings, he may be encouraged to count. Mother may let him run errands while she counts. Later she may reverse the procedure and have him do the counting for himself as she listens. If, in these days of depression, pennies are procurable the child can learn money values along with his counting: five pennies are needed to make a nickel. If he is early trained to think of the nickel as five pennies, he may learn to respect the value of money more. As Mary dusts the books, she may cheer herself and speed the work by counting the number of red-backed books, the green-bound volumes, and the blue-colored ones.

Colors are fun to learn. Mary learns for the first time that the sky is blue. Her discovery amounts to nothing less than a revelation. When she realizes that the grass is green; sunflowers yellow, roses red, she will thrill to that knowledge. In teaching colors, one succeeds better by using two pronounced shades at a time. The contrast seemingly emphasizes the distinction. Red and blue combine easily; green and yellow also. Mother may draw an apple or a ball. With red crayon or water color, she or the child may color it. A bluebird, symbol of happiness, aptly typifies heaven's own blue. Yellow may be represented by a lemon, and a leaf will illustrate green. When the pictures have been painted, a thumbtack will attach the sheet to a convenient wallboard for ready reference.

Mother may carbon pictures to have the children color according to her directions. In order to develop self-reliance and to test reading ability, she may print directions on the first or second grader's papers and leave him in charge of the younger ones. The practice of allowing one of the children to assume the management is good for increasing a sense of responsibility.

The dictionary should be introduced early into the lives of all boys and girls. This book helps so much and is such a good friend that youngsters need to feel at home with it. Even the second grader can be shown how to find the meaning of words. If children learn the joy of words early in life, they are halfway on the road to exact self-expression. Exact self-expression leads to better communication of ideas. Better communication opens the door for greater understanding and therefore makes possible greater happiness.

Activity games are exceptional for their informal teaching value:

"I put my right hand in,
I put my right hand out,
I give my right hand a shake, shake, shake,
And turn myself about."

This activity, repeated with the left hand, the right and the left foot, serves a double purpose. The fun of the game as an activity emphasizes the need for learning right and left.

The game song, "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" helps the children learn eagerly the days of the week. The game also emphasizes the necessity of working to a schedule in order to accomplish anything. The singing of songs in the home will aid the children in forming unconscious ideals and standards long before they fully understand the significance of the words. In later years these words will come involuntarily to mind and guide the youth away from evil.

When mother takes the children on their hikes, besides training them to use their eyes for the gathering of flowers and the sighting of birds, she may query them on the directions: east, west, north, south. She may point out the colors, noting the great variety and different values of the same colors.

The moral lessons learned informally are usually doubly impressive. When in a fit of anger, Mary has hurt her playmate, the lesson of self-control can be taught—by mother's controlling herself and in a quiet, respectful way leading Mary to her room. If Mary is sober enough by this time, mother can talk to her. If, however, the fever is still raging, mother must leave her until she has quietened. Mother's self-control must be exercised that she may deal firmly, but, oh, so gently, with the wrong-doer.

By helping grow flowers and vegetables, the children learn the care of their own plants and are less liable to make havoc among the neighbor's choice blooms. The children develop early a property sense that will deter them when they are tempted to trespass on another's land. This respect for the rights of others is tremendously important. Particularly nowadays when crime among young people is alarmingly increasing, we parents of young children should be doubly careful to teach the distinction between "thine" and "mine."

One helpful way of forming this habit of distinguishing between possessions is by insisting that the children ask one another for permission to use toys which are not their own private property. The insistence on this particular request takes considerable time and energy to enforce. The impress made early in life, however will prove of vital importance when the children reach adolescence and are tempted to take possessions belonging to some one else.

The informal ways of teaching are legion—and legion are the results. If mother's heart be easily satisfied concerning her child, the results will be as dragon's teeth sown against the child's happy development. However, if mother's heart beat quickly and eagerly for her child, the results will be defenders of the child's integrity and attendants of his growth into a helpful leader of society.

Jane Addams

By Amy W. Evans

HOW fitting it was that the friends of Jane Addams came to her beloved Hull House to bid her the last farewell. Men and women, who in their youth had been brought under the influence of that "House of Hope," came with their wide-eyed children and grandchildren to gaze with reverence upon the face of her whom they had so much reason to call blessed. It was especially fitting that among the beautiful flowers that surrounded her as she lay in state in the courtyard that there should be the faces of children, for Jane Addams loved children. Much of her life's work was devoted to their welfare. She caught the spirit and significance of youth. Her understanding of the dreams, the urges, and the needs of the adolescent was profound and compassionate.

FROM the beginning Hull House made provision for the care, education, and protection of the young. There were the kindergarten, the day nursery, the clubs for boys and those for girls, classes in the arts and crafts, the gymnasium and the recreation hall.

But perhaps to the heart of youth the most precious thing was this rare understanding that they always found there. It was this rare understanding that made it possible for Jane Addams to perform the work she did in making the world better and safer for children and young people. The girl from the overcrowded tenement home who, bubbling with vitality, breaks from parental control, seeking joy and happiness, not realizing the dangers that beset such a course; the boy asking more of life than the monotony of modern industry, who goes out to find adventure and who comes in conflict with society—these were understood and helped in the search for a safe and wholesome outlet for their natural desires and energies.

These are her own words regarding the general lack of understanding of young people and children, "There is a dense ignorance on the part of the average citizen as to the requirements of youth, and a persistent blindness on the part of educators to youth's most obvious needs. The young people are over-borne by their own undirected and misguided energies."

FROM Hull House came a movement for better Juvenile Court laws, and the attitude toward the offending child was greatly modified for good through this.

Miss Addams and her co-workers labored for, and finally succeeded in the establishment of the first playgrounds and swimming pools in Chicago. She was ever an advocate of wholesome play for children and believed the playground to be a training field for good citizenship. Every community, she thought, should provide facilities where children and youth could find opportunity for an expression of their natural desires, urges, and energies. The fact that that invincible love of play and pleasure in the young was allowed to be exploited and commercialized for gain aroused her fighting spirit. She seems to have possessed "youth's divine impatience" with society's general disregard of this condition. Therefore she studied the dance halls, the cheap theaters, the music

and other forms of amusements, so that she was ready with first hand information in her work to change them for the better. In speaking of music she says, "We are informed by high authority that there is nothing in the environment to which youth so keenly responds as to music and yet the streets, the vaudeville shows, the five cent theaters are full of the most blatant and vulgar songs. The trivial and obscene words, the meaningless and flippant airs run through the heads of hundreds of young people for hours at a time while they are engaged in monotonous factory work. We totally ignore that ancient connection between music and morals which was so long insisted upon by philosophers as well as poets."

Of the theater which she calls "The House of Dreams" she says in her *Spirit of Youth,* "Nothing is more touching than an encounter with a group of children and young people who are emerging from a theater with the magic of the play still thick upon them. They look up and down the familiar street scarcely recognizing it and quite unable to determine the direction of home. From a tangle of 'make believe' they gravely scrutinize the real world which they are so reluctant to reenter reminding one of the absorbed gaze of a child who is groping his way back from fairy-land whither the story has completely transported him," and further she says, "There is no doubt that what they hear there, flimsy and poor as it often is, easily becomes their actual moral guide."

From her experience at Hull House she knew just how much the theater meant in the lives of young people. She tells of many tragic happenings that were a result of the influence and love of the "House of Dreams." Not that she wished to keep young persons from the shows, but she wanted shows of the right kind, and when she recognized the importance of a thing her plan was to work for it. It was the same with regard to dance halls and other places where recreation was commercialized.

EVER against child labor she did all she could for its abolishment. In her *Newer Ideals of Peace* we find this, "We are forced to believe that child labor is a National problem even as public education is a National duty. The children of Alabama, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania belong to the Nation quite as much as they belong to each State, and the Nation has an interest in the children at least in relation to their industrial efficiency quite as it has an interest in enacting protective tariffs for preservation of American industry." In the same volume she makes this plea, "Let us realize before it is too late that in this age of iron, of machine tending and subdivided labor, we need as never before the untrammeled and inspired activity of youth. To cut it off from thousands of working children is a most perilous undertaking and endangers the very industry to which they have been sacrificed." She courageously used her influence in behalf of legislation which would protect children and women in industry, and much of social legislation in this direction was due to her.

Jane Addams in her appreciation and understanding seems to have caught the very spirit of youth and her own words express beautifully how she loved and valued it. "Youth is so vivid an element in life that unless it is cherished all the rest is spoiled," and again she says, "The most praiseworthy journey grows dull and leaden unless companioned by youth's irridescent dreams. Not only that but the mature of each

generation run a grave risk of putting their efforts in a futile direction, in a blind alley as it were, unless they can keep in touch with the youth of their own day, and know at least the trends in which eager dreams are driving them—those dreams that fairly buffet our faces as we walk the city streets." She was one of those rare persons who recognized and understood these dreams. They did not buffet her face in vain.

FOREVER active in promoting social justice—she was called the "patron saint of the underdog"—she had many interests. Her name was always listed among the great of our day.

The Nobel prize was awarded her in 1931 for her work for world peace. Much of her time in the later years of her life was spent in this field in which she received world-wide recognition.

Jane Addams seems to have possessed those elements of greatness which enabled her to be compassionate to the unfortunate and helpless without condescension, to see the sinner aside from his sin and to recognize his brotherhood and his need of human sympathy and understanding. She was great also in that universal mother love which extended to the children and young people of every race. Youth, the world over, has lost a fervent, wise friend and advocate in her passing.

Jane Addams

By Minnie I. Hodapp

A diamond of many facets was her soul
Shining with serene effulgence
On one divine altar: Consecration.
One consuming desire: to do good;
Faith in the abundant life, here and now;
Confidence in our Lord's beatitudes.
Charity—the Superior Virtue—
Made to shine like a circling sun,
Humanizing the hearts of men.

The Way Was Opened

By Anne Snow

JUST how much does your religious faith mean to *you?* What sacrifices would you be willing to make for it? Would you abandon a comfortable home and take a long and tedious journey to a foreign land for it? Would you forsake a youthful dream of love and leave behind your sweetheart at its promptings? Would you trudge footsore and weary a thousand miles across a trackless plain at its call? Could you in your forlorn condition face with courage the loss of loved ones snatched from the family circle? Could you bear the toil, the exposure, the privations encountered in pioneering a dry and barren country? Enduring all these trials, could you still keep sweet, trusting, amiable?

SOME of our pioneer ancestors did this very thing. Among them was my grandmother, Ann Rogers Snow.

She was born December 30, 1835, at East Lake Farm on a gently sloping upland overlooking the sea, in the southern part of Wales.

The old-fashioned farm house, surrounded by beautiful flower beds and walks was inclosed by a hedge fence and shaded by great elms, venerable with age. There was an orchard containing fruit and hazelnut trees. Not far away were blackberry bushes, where the children delighted to go "berrying" on warm summer days.

The family was well-to-do. Its members enjoyed a home furnished with the comforts and conveniences of that day. A maid and hired men were kept to do the work on the farm.

Ann was the ninth child and the youngest of her mother's children. Her mother died when the youngster was two years old. A few years later her father married again.

IN the year 1842 the family at East Lake Farm accepted the Gospel message, and soon the spirit of "gathering" came upon them. John Rogers, the father, made arrangements to go to Zion. His oldest son, who was a school teacher and the parish minister, tried to dissuade him, telling him he was not strong enough to withstand the North American climate. But his mind was made up, and on January 12, 1849, the family boarded the ship *Osprey,* and sailed with a company of saints for America.

They spent ten weeks at sea, arriving in New Orleans about the first of April. Here they began to see strange sights and peculiar customs of the new land and to suffer minor disappointments.

On April fourth the Rogers' family took passage on a steamboat up the Mississippi River, bound for Council Bluffs. When they reached St. Louis, Ann's brother Thomas and wife and her sister Sarah and husband, who had just been married, decided to stay and get work. The remainder of the family went on up the river.

Some miles beyond St. Louis Ann's sister Elizabeth died very suddenly. This was a terrible blow to Ann, for the two girls had been inseparable companions. The cap-

tain, a kind-hearted man, said to the sailors, "Boys, if you are with me, we will give this girl a decent burial." So they stopped at a plantation, dug a grave in a lovely spot, and buried her by the riverside. With only one brother left to continue the journey and a stepmother, Ann was lonely indeed. But the cup of her sorrow was not yet filled to the brim.

Acting upon the advice of church leaders, John Rogers decided to rent a farm and stay at the Bluffs awhile. He was not strong, and about a year later he fell ill and died in August, 1850.

Ann and Henry were anxious to get away upon their own resources. Before long Henry had an opportunity to hire out to a man going to California. With a sad heart Ann bade him goodbye. That was the last time she ever saw or heard of him.

The stepmother now decided to go to the "Valley." Accordingly she bought a covered wagon, a yoke of oxen and a cow and started with a company that was ready to go. There were only three of the family left: the stepmother, her little daughter Mary, and Ann. Ann walked and drove the oxen most of the way.

After weeks of plodding over rough and dusty roads, exposed to all kinds of weather, the company neared the promised land. The Rogers' wagon was the last of the train, and when it was miles from Salt Lake, one wheel collapsed. The stepmother and little sister stayed with the wagon while Ann walked into Salt Lake on foot and alone, the only one of her mother's children to get to the valley at this time. Her patriarchal blessing told her she had been preserved for a purpose, her life being spared that she might be the means of connecting the link that would seal the family to their ancestors.

AFTER the three arrived in Salt Lake, the stepmother married again. Ann went to work in the family of William Snow, whom she afterward married. Before Ann left her native land, she had been courted by a young man whom she thought a great deal of and whom she promised to marry. When the family sailed to America, she had to leave her fiance behind, but she agreed to wait for him three years. The three years had passed, and not a single message had she received. Then one day about three months after she had married William Snow, she got a whole bundle of letters written by her old lover at various times. He had written faithfully every month after she left Wales, but the letters had been delayed somewhere.

"How did you feel when you received those letters?" I asked grandma.

"Oh, I didn't exactly feel sorry," she said. "Your grandfather was a good, kind husband. But just the same I shed a few tears when I thought what a comfort the letters would have been to me on the dreary journey. Later, however, I received some news which made me feel that the hand of Providence had intervened to give me a pearl of great price instead of a bauble."

THE Snow families moved from Salt Lake to Lehi, and just as they were getting comfortably fixed there, a call came for them to go and help build up Utah's "Dixie." It was a trial for them to leave their homes and start pioneering again, but they willingly obeyed the call, and in November, 1865, started south. After traveling through snow storms and cold weather, they arrived in Pine Valley on Christmas Eve.

In this little village grandmother maintained her home during the rest of her life. Here as a Bishop's wife and a Relief Society worker she served her neighbors and her friends for sixty years.

IN recalling my association with grandmother and the incidents related by her children, I have tried to decide what her most outstanding traits were, what attributes enabled her to sacrifice and serve as she did. The incidents related above constitute sufficient proof that she possessed in a high degree courage, patience and fortitude.

A visit to her home would immediately suggest that neatness was one of her qualities. Not a speck of dust could be found anywhere. There were no flies, no unpleasant odors. Her dishes and stove were shining. Beds were without a wrinkle. Everything was in perfect order.

An atmosphere of refinement would also be in evidence: simple furniture, some homemade articles, tastefully draped and decorated, a few cherished old pictures and ornaments. Not a stately mansion, but a cozy, restful home, obviously presided over by a woman of dignity and refinement.

REAL pioneers learn to be resourceful, and grandmother was not lacking either in resourcefulness or industry. She was always alert to ways and means of improving the conditions of her home and family. While she was living in Lehi, some easterners on their way to California stopped near her place to overhaul their wagons and make repairs. On the evening of their arrival, the leader knocked at her door and explained, "We are traveling to California, madam, and our wagon covers have become badly damaged. We should like to have them mended. Would you be willing to fix them for us?"

Being an excellent seamstress, grandma said, "Yes, I can mend them tomorrow."

"We have three heavy covers," the man continued, "also a lightweight one which we cannot use. You may have the light one for repairing the others if you want it."

Grandma told him she would be glad to take the light one for her pay. That night her prayer was one of thankfulness to God for opening up the way whereby her family might be clothed for the winter. Some of the cloth was used for under clothing; the remainder was dyed and made into shirts and dresses.

WHEN the Snow families moved to Pine Valley, there was no store. Supplies of every kind were hard to get. A few of the men decided to start a tannery and make their own leather. Grandma used this crude leather and bits of jeans left over from the men's clothing to make shoes for the members of her household.

After a store had been opened in the village, she sewed overalls and jumpers for the merchant's customers in exchange for "storepay." By this means she was able to provide her family with articles they needed.

For soap, in those early pioneer days she used the roots of a plant (oose, I think it was called). Later, like many other pioneer women, she learned the art of making soap from scraps of fat and lye distilled from wood ashes.

In preparing meals for the household she often resorted to substitutions, such as molasses for sugar, corn meal for flour, and salt rising for yeast.

Perhaps honesty was grandma's strongest quality. In fact, it is a characteristic of the Rogers family. Being convinced that the Gospel was true, they had to be honest with themselves and accept it even though it required great sacrifice.

"I wish I were as good a man as my father," grandma's nephew (her brother's son) remarked to me. "Talk about honesty and charity, well, he was it personified. When I was a boy we worked together on a rented farm. Always the biggest loads of hay, the finest shocks of grain, the best of everything went to the owner for his share."

Grandma was like that. If she borrowed anything, she paid it back with interest even to a needleful of thread.

All of the children were thoroughly taught the lesson of honesty. One son recalls that as a small boy he was taken to task for eating a biscuit stolen by an older boy from a farmer's dinner pail.

Another son refused to sell his neighbor a certain horse he owned because he thought the neighbor would be cheated by the trade.

"I wouldn't sell Jede Hill a horse like that," he said. "It wouldn't serve his purpose, and he's too poor a man to throw away his money."

ANN R. SNOW saw many changes take place in the world during her lifetime. She lived to be ninety-two years of age. When people asked to what she attributed her good health and longevity, she replied, "Mainly to my mode of living. I was always systematic in my work and regular in my habits. Our food was simple, and much of the time it was too scarce to tempt us to over eat. Then, too, we always got plenty of exercise in the open air."

"Didn't you worry in those early days when you didn't have much to live upon?" I asked her one day.

"We learned to trust in the Lord," she replied, "and it is wonderful how the way was opened up, miraculously at times, that we might get the necessities of life. Those were the happiest days of my life because of the sustaining power of the Lord's Spirit."

If she had any difficult or distasteful task to perform, she went quietly ahead and did it without complaint. "I don't like to have my peace of mind disturbed by thinking of disagreeable duties to be performed," was her comment.

She lived to see the fulfilment of her patriarchal blessing. In searching the records of her ancestors, she found she was descended on her mother's line from kings and queens of the British Isles.

I like to think of her now as a queen among the righteous spirits in our Father's Kingdom. Truly, she deserves the reward promised by the Savior wherein He says: "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother . . . for my name sake shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

Five Babes in the Woods

By C. Frank Steele

ONCE upon a time—not many months ago—five babes were born. They were born in the backwoods of Ontario, Canada, and today they are the most famous babies in the world.

These "Five Babes in the Woods" are the Dionne quintuplets of Callander, Ontario. And their names —Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, Marie. And are they cute? I am told they are the cuddliest, merriest, most fascinating group of youngsters one could hope to see. And what a breathless picture for a mother! Mothers are mighty thrilled over one babe—none but a mother can understand that mysterious thrill of motherhood! But multiply that by five and what do you have? The mothers must answer. What man is there who could, who would dare suggest an answer?

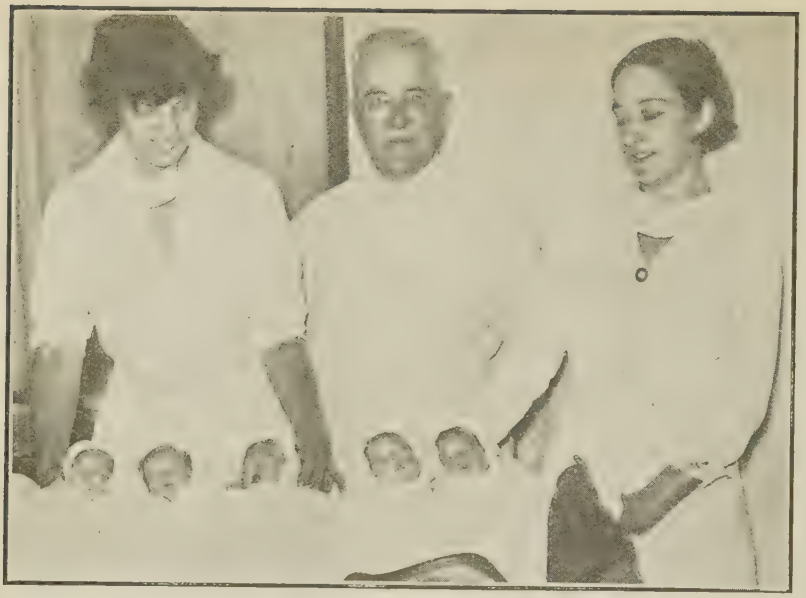
These charming little French-Canadian girls came into the world over a year ago. And they were not born in any hospital nor in a home with all the desirable layette and facilities, accommodations and professional care that the modern stork catches glimpses of as he makes his appearance. Far from it. These five little "Cinderella-girls of science"—for such they have become—were born in the small, dingy and cluttered living room of their humble parents' home. They were born in a backwoods cabin. And they came two months ahead of the proper time also. And yet they lived—the five of them. And they are big, fat, healthy babies today.

And the fact that the quintuplets are alive and thriving is the thing that has amazed the medical world. The birth of quintuplets that morning in May last year in an obscure Ontario town startled the world. It became in a day one of the great "news breaks" of 1934. Sleepy, obscure Callander suddenly found itself on the front pages of great metropolitan newspapers and millions of words of "copy" told of the amazing event. The world was doing homage to motherhood and childhood. Verily, "a child" or to be more precise, five of them, was "leading the world" into a new vision of child life and child welfare.

IN the midst of all the hubub over the quints a chubby country doctor went quietly about his work which happened to be caring for his five precious charges. Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe is Callander's doctor. He's of the old-fashioned family doctor type, a general practitioner, and it was just in the routine of the day that he made that momentous call at the Dionne cottage. He tells us that he found the mother in a half-dying condition and as the babies were not expected at that time there was not even a little shirt or dress or stocking awaiting them. There wasn't even a crib. But the family doctor, accustomed to "roughing it," made the best of things and so the five babes were born and placed one by one in a borrowed basket and covered with blankets warmed at the rude kitchen stove.

Dr. Dafoe admits that all he could say, all he had time to say, was "Gosh!" when five infants presented themselves.

THE fight of Dr. Allan Dafoe to save the quintuplets ranks as an achievement quite as important as



DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, DR. A. R. DEFOE AND NURSES

the birth of the five children. And the scientific world was quick to recognize that fact. He has been honored at home and abroad and it would be no surprise to his countrymen to see his name listed among those honored by the King. His visit to New York was a triumph and when subjected to the barrage of questioning for which New York reporters are famous the "country doctor" from Canada could say little more than: "They are dear little girls —they are pudgy as young puppies." His quiet, homely, cheery way, his modesty and naturalness was something new for blase New York and when he gave an address at Carnegie hall a vast audience hung breathlessly on every word of his amazing story.

He visited the night clubs and the hospitals, chatted with Sally Rand and Walter Winchell, paid his respects to the President at Washington and saw the sights of the capitol. Doctor Dafoe enjoyed it all immensely. It was a great holiday and he was proud to tell the kind-hearted American neighbors about "his babies." But when they wanted him to remain in New York, he replied:

"No, I'm only a country doctor, and I'm going back where I belong. A man is smartest when he does what he knows best and doesn't fool around with things he doesn't know anything about."

So he went back to Callander and his quintuplets. And he found them still thriving under the very finest care that the world of medicine and nursing could give them. For the kiddies now have a hospital of their own, have silver chains to identify them, have special nurses to care for them, have the best of wardrobes, and what not. They had one chance in many millions to survive and thanks to modern science and their clean rugged French-Canadian ancestry and parentage they are alive and thriving.

THEY celebrated their first Christmas in a blizzard. That is, a blizzard was raging outside the nursery. But Santa Claus came

laden with gifts from all parts of the continent for the famous five sisters. After they had been given their daily nap out of doors—cold weather has not frightened Dr. Dafoe in his resolve that the quints must have the air—the parcels were opened. There were cane candies, chocolates, nuts, a wealth of little toys, rag dolls bigger than the babies themselves, also clothing and other gifts. One large furniture manufacturing company in the United States forwarded them five cunning high-chairs. These chairs were of the finest workmanship and finish and could be converted into ordinary chairs when not in use by the babies. The quints, of course, could not have the candies or the rag toys so they were duly handed over to the five other children of Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne. What a "break" those five got!

The story of the Dionne babies carries a moving tribute to this brave little mother in a backwoods Canadian town. She bore them and unfortunately in the ovation given her remarkable little brood and the "country doctor" who accomplished the "impossible," her share in the achievement has been little noted. The extraordinary contribution to science of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe typifies the country doctor everywhere, honest, patient, unselfish in his devotion to duty.

Guides in Buying Textiles

By Vilate Elliott

II. BARGAINS

PROBABLY more money is uselessly spent at bargain counters than anywhere else — how many of us are guilty of buying articles at a bargain counter for which we have never been able to find a use but it was cheap and I thought I could use it. I have two pieces of embroidery insertion at home, bought on a sale that I shall never use, embroidery is out of style, I get it out and look at it and try to remember it was bought at a bargain counter. A bargain is an article which will meet a real need at the present time, not an imaginary one of some future date. There are two parties to every bargain, the Merchant and the Shopper. Be sure that it is a bargain for you and not for him. Utility to you is the controlling factor in determining any real bargain.

A bargain is an article which will meet a real need at a price lower than can generally be expected in satisfying that need, also it is well to remember that no matter how cheap an article may be it is expensive unless we have an immediate need for it.

A good many sales are perfectly honest and legitimate, and a careful shopper may pick up a real bargain if she finds among the articles offered the specific thing that will satisfy a definite need. But, except in stores which enjoy a high reputation for honesty and fair dealing, it is advisable not to be too ready to believe either that all the articles are of the same quality, or that the prices given are the original ones from which the goods have been marked down. It is always possible for a store to get in some new stock, mark it for a few days at some fictitious price with no thought of making sales, and then re-offer it at a reduction which gives the shopper a tremendous saving—on paper.

Bargains are primarily for the benefit of the seller. They are often used as leaders to bring people to the store in the hope they will buy other goods as well. Special shipments of goods may be ordered from the manufacturers in order to satisfy the demand for bargains. These goods are very often inferior in quality. Since bargains in many cases exploit the household buyer's ignorance, at a bargain sale more than any other time she needs to be on her guard against high prices and inferior quality. The bargain tends to concentrate her attention on price, and immediate purchase, and to divert her mind from the quality and her particular need for the goods.

A salesman once told me nearly everything put on a sale are seconds or shelf-worn goods; there are a few first class articles put out as drawing cards, but in most cases the articles on the sale are the full price or at best not more than a few cents lower and remember they are seconds or shelf-worn goods usually. Bargainitus is a mania with some people, but bear in mind that worthless junk in household commodities and family clothing are usually found at bargain counters. It is well to realize that it takes more than a low priced tag to make a bargain.

Then again, in the line of clothes, we frequently buy articles on sale that do not lend themselves to the clothes or accessories which we already have. We buy a charming little dress for $5.95; when we get it home we find our hat, gloves, purse, etc., are not in harmony with the new dress so it hangs in the closet and we still feel we have nothing to wear. It is well to take an inventory of our stock of clothes on hand, then to resist temptations to buy a dress because it is cheap or because the saleswoman tells you it makes you look more slender. If it harmonizes with the clothes you have at home it may be a good buy, otherwise it is expensive at any price.

"An efficient buyer is one who secures the maximum of goods for the time, energy, and money expended." In her buying the housewife must decide where to buy, when to buy, shall I buy at home in my local market, shall I buy in a larger place where I have a greater choice, shall I pay cash, have it charged, or buy on the installment plan, shall I buy at the beginning of the season when I have the best choice, or shall I wait until the price has been reduced. How shall I recognize the qualities desired and judge whether I am getting the most for my money. Each question must be answered individually.

The housewife has a great variety of shops from which she may choose. The price and quality of the goods to be purchased are the first consideration. Some people prefer a department store because all kinds of goods are found there, other women prefer the specialty shop as it is often more exclusive, and again many people buy from mail order houses. There are many factors that help us to determine where we shall buy, the various advantages and disadvantages of different stores must be carefully weighed if a wise selection of a store is to be made. The attractiveness of the store, the pleasant relations with clerks and management, honesty in matters of weight, and description of the goods, the reputation and dependability of the house to stand behind its goods also influences our choice. "Among 368 New York farm families reporting in 1928-29, chain stores were patronized much more frequently for food than for clothing, furnishings and equipment. Families who patronized chain groceries on being

asked to give reasons why they did so stated:

1. They believed chain stores had lower-priced food than independent stores.

2. The customer could see and compare prices and select the variety desired.

3. The customer could benefit from weekly sales.

4. The customer did not have to pay more in order that others could obtain credit. It was felt that chain stores were a benefit because they did away with credit."

It is always well if possible to anticipate your needs so the article won't have to be purchased in a hurry. Prices on some goods are much the same the year round, others vary from week to week. If one takes advantage of bottom prices many dollars will be saved. If possible the best time to shop is early in the morning; you will avoid the crowd, your clerks are fresh and can usually give you more time and consideration. I knew a store which at one time gave a discount of 10% on all shopping done before ten o'clock in the morning.

It is always best to buy in your local market, where you are known, where you feel the friendly relation existing between customer and clerk. The locally owned store is a part of your community which you wish to help to support. But frequently in the line of clothes people who are over or undersized have to go where they have a wider choice.

The question of how shall we pay: cash, credit, or on the installment plan must be considered. I have known very successful families who did everything on the installment plan—built the home and furnished it on this plan, each working member of the family contributing; this often brings about a family interest not otherwise acquired. But as a rule the installment plan is not the most satisfactory and business-like way of buying.

"The fundamental consideration for the installment merchant is that the purchaser may never complete his payments. In such cases the merchant must arrange to collect the goods and resell them as second-hand stuff for whatever price he can get. This is a terribly expensive system on which to do a profitable business: as a result the installment purchaser generally pays an outrageous price for what he gets. The spread of the installment system is based on that kink in human nature which makes us clearly recognize that 25 plus 10 times 10 is 125 but which somehow lets us believe that an initial deposit of twenty-five dollars plus ten monthly payments of ten dollars each is considerably under one hundred and twenty-five dollars; especially if we are enthusiastic about that overstuffed chair or that set of "World's Great Dramas of Love and Strife" which we can buy in this "painless" way. In the meantime let us definitely understand that installment buying is the most expensive, and therefore the most unintelligent and undisciplined, method of shopping. Installment buying may be all right for the other fellow and in some instance may be a convenience to you; but it can never be the most efficient way to buy.

Next to knowing what you want is knowing how you want to get it. Once upon a time the housewife went shopping with a capacious market basket on her arm. There were few stores from which to choose; she made her purchases, paid for them, and carried them home. Since then retail selling has developed into a great and highly complicated system, and in the keen competition for business many stores seek to attract customers by offering all sorts of con-

veniences and even entertainment, the point to bear in mind is that they constitute a definite selling expense which is necessarily passed on to the customer through a higher mark-up; that is, through a wider margin between the cost of merchandise to the merchant and his price to the customer. Many of these conveniences are a legitimate part of our progress in the standards of living; but the customer should appraise them as such and realize that she is paying for them.

At the same time the shopper must always bear in mind one cardinal principle: so far as she is concerned, no store is better than its ability to deliver what she wants when she wants it and at the lowest price available to her.

Exchange Privileges

"There is one element in modern shopping habits which deserves the serious attention of shoppers. It relates to the widespread abuse of a privilege which is inherently sound. The abuse causes unnecessary costs which the store passes back to the consumer through higher prices than would otherwise be necessary.

"The reference is to the privilege of returning purchases for exchange or for refund of the purchase price. A shopper, for example, buys a rug in good faith and then discovers that it does not harmonize with the upholstery; or it may be a matter of stockings which are found not to match the dress with which they are intended to be worn. The right to return such purchases is a privilege which every shopper appreciates, yet many shoppers abuse this courtesy of the stores. The most general form of abuse is in the growing carelessness of shoppers in making selections in the stores; they know that they can return the goods if they finally decide otherwise or find something better elsewhere, and so they order the things sent home and postpone the decision. The simple desire to make an impression has more than once led a woman shopping with a friend to order some article, knowing full well that she does not want it or cannot afford to buy it. And, of course, there is always the deliberately dishonest shopper who buys, let us say, a dress, wears it to some party, and then returns it to the store.

The return privilege adds to the cost of doing business in several ways. It takes out of stock articles which might have been bought and kept by some other customer. It creates both an unprofitable delivery expense and also the cost of later calling for the goods and returning thme to stock. Goods sent home, tried on, and repacked by an inexperienced packer frequently lose their freshness and may be definitely soiled or otherwise injured; in all these cases they must be reoffered at a reduced price. The extent of this mental laziness in shopping and of the consequent expense factor in retail merchandising is strikingly illustrated by the New York Evening World in a dispatch under the head, "Whim of Shoppers Prove Costly for Stores in Chicago":

Chicago, Dec. 3—Women who lack self-control in shopping cost department stores here from $9,000,000 to $12,000,000 a year by returning goods, said D. F. Kelly, head of one of the largest stores, at University of Chicago.

The speaker declared that returns in shoes were 10 to 15 per cent; women's coats, dresses and furs, 25 to 40 per cent; china, lamps and glassware, which require careful packing, 10 to 15 per cent; and pianos, radios and phonographs, on which cartage costs are high, 25 per cent." (Taken from the Shopping Book, by Baldwin.)

(To be continued)

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

SINGING MOTHERS OF TETON STAKE

Teton Stake

THE above picture is of the Relief Society Singing Mothers of the Teton Stake. This chorus was organized in August, 1934, under the very capable direction of the Stake Relief Society Chorister, Johanna G. Tonks. The chorus consits of sixty-five voices representative of all parts of the Stake. They rendered the music for the Relief Society Stake Conference in September, and their efforts have been so greatly appreciated that they have been invited to furnish the music in the Sunday sessions of the Stake Quarterly Conference during the Fall and Winter of 1935. Their organization is now permanent, and they hope to continue in building up their chorus. It is a source of great enjoyment not only to themselves but to their community.

Malad

THE Malad Stake shows very splendid activity as usual. The *Magazine* drive of the last year increased the subscription over that *of* the previous one, and the aim for the present year is 100%.

Among the accomplishments of the year 1934 may be listed the following: In February, a party in honor of all the Ward Officers, Class Leaders and their partners was given. A program, games and refreshments were greatly enjoyed. In March of the same year the anniversary programs were carried out in the Wards, and on the 17th the Stake gave, as its entertainment, a two-act play, followed by a dance. In May, a Work and Business demonstration was sponsored by the Stake and all the Wards were invited. This offered a most valued and extensive demonstration of the articles made during the meetings. Also in May the Stake Board, with Sister Eleanor J. Richards gave their annual party at the Washakie Ward. This, as always, proved to be a very

wonderful social and spiritual feast. In June the Relief Society sponsored a mission to the Logan Temple, where 392 endowments were performed. This was so successful that in November the Relief Society again was responsible for a most successful excursion. In July the Women's Camp, under the direction of the Extension Service of the University of Idaho, was held at Lava Hot Springs, and during the three-day sessions more than one hundred people from the Malad Stake attended and were represented by members on the program. In September a pre-school clinic was held, where 83 children were examined. The doctors and dentists cooperated splendidly in this work. During the month of September a Class Leaders and Visiting Teachers' convention was held in connection with the Stake Union Meeting, and during the last of the month, when the Stake Relief Society convention was held, another splendid demonstration of handwork, canned fruits and vegetables, and other useful arts, sponsored by the Work and Business Leaders of the Stake, was held.

St. Joseph Stake

FROM one of our Southern Arizona stakes—St. Joseph—comes an interesting account of the celebration of the ninety-third anniversary of the Relief Society. This particular celebration was in the Globe Ward, and in order to realize the anniversary spirit thoroughly, and make preparation for the seventeenth, a party was held on the fourteenth of the month. This took the form of a testimonial to the Relief Society Ward President, at whose home the pleasing event was held. A feature of the evening's entertainment was the presentation of a friendship quilt in gold and blue. This was made of thirty blocks, each bearing the name of a member of the Ward Relief Society and her position in the organization. Each member made her own block and contributed toward the purchase of the cotton, lining, etc., necessary to complete the quilt. This was a complete surprise to the President, who greatly appreciated it. On Sunday evening, March 17th, the program was sponsored, at which time, in addition to numbers appropriate to the day, a very interesting little play, "If Ye do it Unto the Least of These," was presented. At this time there were a number of people present who did not belong to the Church, and they were impressed with the opportunities both socially and educationally, that are offered the members of the Relief Society organization. Although the Ward enrollment is not large, the sisters are interested and enthusiastic, and at their Ward entertainment more than ninety guests were in attendance.

Utah Stake

INASMUCH as vacation time is upon us it seems most helpful and appropriate to give an account of the very splendid work which was done in the Utah Stake during last Summer. We are indebted to Sister Hasler and Sister Merrill, of the Stake Relief Society, for the very splendid program of activity which is furnished.

"The success of our summer activities has been more than we anticipated. The people seemed to grasp the spirit of so worthy a movement. The newness and magnitude of the plan did not deter them in the least. We seemed to get the cooperation of the people from the very first, as we made a house to house canvass to determine the ages and number of children. Meetings were called in each district to advise the people of our aims and plans,

ART GROUP

ONE STORY HOUR GROUP AND A BAND GROUP ONE SANDPILE GROUP ONE COOKING GROUP

here it was that we found our leaders and helpers. This seemed to fill a long felt desire to give their time and talents; much creative ability and talent was found undeveloped.

"There were no funds and no particular playgrounds, so we made use of the nearby schoolgrounds, parks and their equipment, our homes, lawns and a tennis court, and a baseball diamond which took care of those not listed in the city's recreational field activities.

"Our code of ethics consisted in teaching the children respect for

other people's property, to guard themselves against giving offense by word, looks or actions. They were urged to be courteous, kind and considerate, to control the tone of their voices and guard their tongues against slang, and swear words; also to show and express appreciation for all favors, to never interrupt others when talking, and always remember to ask pardon for any offense or unguarded actions.

"Our aim was to prevent delinquency by making every child a participating child, to help him to understand the value of time and know the joy that comes from accomplishments, to arouse or stimulate creative ability and gain new ideas by contrast with other children and homes in the hope of stimulating greater helpfulness and consideration among members of families.

"The following activities were participated in by the various groups: home management, personal care, art, drama, music, dancing, reading of good literature, boys' chorus work, cooking, sewing, art needlework, nursing and games. Story telling and sand building for little tots; scrap books were made by the cooking and art classes.

"One of the most stimulating and outstanding achievements was a piano class of twenty-one organized and conducted by a girl of eighteen. Six prizes (sheets of music) were presented to those with perfect attendance records.

"Two hundred and fifty participants were given cards entitling them to school credit according to the number of hours spent, or for finished articles, in music, cooking, sewing or leadership, etc. Sixty-two leaders directed well organized groups. Our final summary showed eighty-five percent of the children in the Ward participated.

"A program showing the accomplishments in the various groups was given by ninety-two of the children. The outstanding numbers consisted of an original playlet by a girl of eighteen, a chorus and skit by twelve boys from eight to twelve, a cooking review by twenty girls, a demonstration of what was accomplished in sand play, and an exhibit of all finished articles in two large rooms decorated for the purpose.

"Our compensation consists in the gratitude of those participating. The cooperation of the people and their loyalty; the finding of leaders not otherwise recognized, the development of talent and creative ability, for happy and grateful children, and parents appreciative in that many lives were made brighter, and a greater desire created for worthwhile accomplishments and a fuller and better life."

California Mission

FROM the California Mission comes a very delightful report of the celebration held on March 17. Four of the branches in San Diego and the vicinity celebrated the founding of the organization in appropriate fashion, and as a climax they were able to turn on the radio and hear the broadcast from the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. The music of the Relief Society Singing Mothers, and the delightful message of President Robison, went over the air clearly to them. A banquet was held by each of the branch Relief Societies, and on Friday the pageant "If Ye Do It Unto the Least of These" was very successfully produced. The Missionaries were especially invited to all of the activities in the various branches, and reported a most successful time. This Mission, as so many others, is finding the lesson work very inspirational and encouraging, and the *Magazine* is of great value in so many ways.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
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VOL. XXII JULY, 1935 No. 7

EDITORIAL

"Handicraft for Every Woman"

FOR years the Relief Society General Board has been anxious to give concrete assistance to the Handwork Department. Now with great pleasure we announce the General Board has issued a book, "Handicrafts for Every Woman," prepared by Mrs. Glenn Johnson Beeley.

The volume is full of most valuable suggestions, not only for making new articles but for making over old things into useful and beautiful articles. The book is lavishly illustrated, the paper and binding are excellent.

In the Foreword President Robison says, " 'Work and Business' was the first concrete activity of the Relief Society. This was in response to a definite need. During the ninety-three years of the organization, this feature has proved to be one of the fundamentals as a social contact and as a source of revenue. No one can estimate the amount of service to humanity rendered through this unique part of the program. The most advanced educators today attest the soundness of its principles, a correlation of the head and hand.

"The Relief Society has kept in step with the march of progress, heading the call for adjustment to new conditions and meeting the needs of an expanding program. We must hold fast to the things which have been tried by experience and found valuable, and we must be ready to accept new ideas and principles which changing conditions make necessary. This is the law of development and advancement."

The book is divided into four parts:

Part One: THE USES AND VALUE OF HANDICRAFTS
Cultural Values
Art in the Home
Art in Business
Handicraft Hobbies
The Mental Hygiene Value of Handicrafts

Part Two: SOME BASIC PRINCIPLES
Applied Art
Principles of Design
Color

Part Three: Materials and Methods

Household Crafts:
- Decorative Floor Finishes
- Decorative Finishes for Walls
- Painting and Decorative Furniture and Woodwork
- Upholstering Furniture
- Slip Covers
- Home-lighting—Lamp Shades
- Dyeing—Batik
- Embroidery
- Knitting
- Crochet

Standard Handicrafts:
- Block Printing
- Linoleum Cuts
- Stenciling
- Pottery and Cement Handicraft
- Wood Carving
- Small Carving, Bone, Ivory
- Basketry
- Hand Made Rugs
- Metal Craft
- Lacquer
- Solderless Jewelry
- Leather Craft

Modern Materials in Handicrafts:
- Gesso
- Composition Board
- Linoleum
- Blue Printing
- Wax Crayons
- Cellophane
- Flexwood
- Wall Paper

Attic and Junk Room—Their Possibilities:
- Old Felt Hats
- Old Lace
- Picture Frames
- Decorative Papers.

Tricks of the Trade:
- Tools and Brushes
- Do You Know?

Part Four: Sources of Help

Community Projects
Art Magazines and Periodicals
Bibliography
Handicrafts Supply Houses
List of Publishers

The author, Mrs. Beeley, a member of the General Board of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, has done some outstanding work in handicrafts at the University of Utah and at the Civic Center. She has studied at home and abroad.

Not only will this volume be of great use in our Relief Society organization, but also in the home. Much is being said now regarding the use of leisure. The book will be a boon to direct many in the valuable use of their leisure time. It will promote family solidarity, for boys and girls and parents can find in it suggestions for hobbies that will bring all together in a common interest.

Price $1.50. Room 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City.

National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America

THROUGHOUT the world countless thousands of mothers have rejoiced that their boys have been privileged to get the benefits that come from being Boy Scouts. We know of no movement which has brought so much joy and such fine training as has Scouting. The Scout Oath is an inspiration to the highest living. The boy pledges, "On my honor I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

The Scout Law enjoins the scouts to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. Holding before the boys constantly this splendid law, plays an important part in the formation of fine characters.

In addition to the regular work there are many outings that delight boys. All over the world the boys look to the International Jamborees that bring Scouts from many nations together. Now at the invitation of President Roosevelt there is to be a National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America. 30,000 scouts from all parts of the country and from several foreign scout groups will hold encampment at Washington August 21st to 30th. This will be the greatest gathering of boys this country has ever seen. No one has vision enough to foresee the friendships that will be formed during this Jamboree.

Our own Oscar Kirkham, who served so efficiently as morale officer in the past two International Jamborees, will serve in like capacity in this gathering.

"The broad democratic scope of the Boy Scout Movement will be more strongly than ever impressed upon every Scout's mind; it will make 30,000 Scouts realize what a tremendous thing Scouting is—what a privilege and responsibility is his because of wearing the Boy Scout Badge."

"A thousand camps will lie within the area of the one great Jamboree camp. And its setting will be unequalled. One will be able to lift his eyes above this colorful and unique encampment and see the Nation's most revered monuments; the towering Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the Capitol dome, and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Lucky indeed will be the Scout privileged to represent his Troop at the Jamboree, for the camp alone will be an experience he is never likely to forget. It will be many, many years before the boys who are fortunate enough to attend this epochal event will ever again learn of its repetition anywhere, in any country."

These boys will enjoy pageantry showing the outstanding exhibits from each of the twelve regions of the United States into which the country is divided. All eyes will be turned toward Washington during this great gathering.

It is to be hoped that the fondest dreams of those who have planned this Jamboree will be more than realized.

THE Turkish Government has issued a special series of postage stamps to commemorate the International Women's Congress at Istanbul. The proceeds of this issue will be equally shared by the Government and the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship.

The stamps represent the portraits of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Founder and President of the Suffrage Alliance and of the six women to whom the Nobel Prize has been awarded: Mms. Curie (Science); Grazia Deledda, Selma Lagerlof and Sigrid Undset (Literature); Jane Addams and Bertha von Suttner (Peace). They also carried symbolic representations of one or two activities of women and also of the Yildiz Palace at Istanbul where the Congress was held.

It is claimed that this is the first time that any Government has issued a special series of postage stamps in order to commemorate a Woman's Congress.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in December)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON III

The Temple at Nauvoo

1. *The City of Nauvoo.* Nauvoo may properly be regarded as the "miracle city" of America; indeed, of the world. Within a period of five years it grew from half a dozen small shacks into the largest and most beautiful city of the state of Illinois. While it is true that a few other cities equally as large as Nauvoo have sprung up within even shorter periods of time, here the comparison ends. The discovery of gold in western America, for example, has repeatedly brought cities into existence almost over night. Goldfield and Tonopah, Nevada, are good examples. These cities, however, were built by men crazed with the thought of wealth. They were thrown together with feverish speed, each individual trying to get ahead of his neighbor. Gambling halls, pool rooms, saloons, and other dives of vice were among the first to appear. Law and order were largely ignored for the "needs" of the moment. Cities such as these were truly "camps," doomed to disappear after they had served the requirements of the hour.

2. Nauvoo, on the other hand, was built by a people who loved the Lord, and where every ambition was to serve him and bring about a reign of eternal peace. There was no thought of worldly wealth or material gain; each individual was his brother's helper; protected sin and indulgence were unknown; and the city was constructed to remain.

3. The very site of Nauvoo was purchased on long time payments. The saints had recently been exiled from Missouri, where they were robbed and plundered of practically everything they owned. Many of them were so completely destitute that they had to be transported to Illinois by their friends. But with a courage unknown except to those who are fired by a testimony of the Christ, the Mormon people, impoverished and almost without food, went fearlessly forward to the building of a city—to be better and more beautiful than anything that had been built before. And right in the midst of the city, and overlooking its principal residential section, a commanding position was reserved for its temple.

4. Within a year after its beginning, Nauvoo had a population of three thousand, and six years later, at the time of the western exodus, nearly twenty thousand. The site was a most beautiful one. The great Mississippi swept around it on three sides in a broad meandering curve. Near the river the land was only a few feet above its surface, but toward the east it gradually rose to a height of several hundred feet to the level of the so-called prairie land beyond. The temple was to be built at the crest of the hill, and the city principally below.

5. As a result of well-planned cooperative efforts, building materials were brought from far and near, and a truly beautiful city appeared, almost as if by magic. The resi-

dential section was laid out in rectangular blocks, by streets running principally east-west and north-south. At the close of five years Nauvoo contained hundreds of homes of a type that would grace any modern city, beautifully, substantially, and in some cases even ornately built. It was Illinois' largest city, and without doubt its most attractive one.

6. *Earlier Efforts at Temple Building.* Already the saints had built and dedicated a temple at Kirtland, in which the Lord Jesus Christ and other heavenly personages appeared. (D. and C., section 110) Probably more spiritual blessings were poured out on the saints in the Kirtland temple than at any other place. This privilege, however, was enjoyed by the people of God for scarcely more than two years, when they were compelled by the hand of violence to abandon their temple and seek refuge in an unkindly state (Missouri) nearly a thousand miles to the westward.

7. Even earlier than this, and before the temple at Kirtland was begun, the Lord made known that a temple should be reared in Zion, at Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. (D. and C. 57:3) The site was dedicated in solemn assembly but for various reasons, principally the defection of the Latter-day Saints, the temple has not been constructed to this day. The saints, however, look forward with confident hope to its building in the future.

8. Shortly after the Prophet and several of the leading brethren reached Missouri from Kirtland in the early spring of 1838, a revelation was received in which Far West was designated as a central gathering place for the saints and the location of a temple to be built to the Most High. According to divine instruction, the corner stones were placed July 4, 1838. (See D. and C., section 115) The injunction was also given to re-commence the work April 26, 1839. (D. and C. 115:10; 118:5) Pursuant to this instruction, a number of the brethren assembled at the temple site under cover of darkness in the early morning of the last-named date, sang songs, delivered exhortations, and began the work of laying the foundation stones. Almost immediately thereafter the few saints still remaining in Missouri left their homes for Illinois.

9. *Beginning of the Temple at Nauvoo.* Undismayed by their enforced abandonment of the temple at Kirtland, and their inability to construct temples at Independence and Far West, the saints, upon arriving at Nauvoo, almost immediately laid plans for the erection of a temple at that place. As early as October 3, 1840, the Prophet, in a sermon delivered before the general conference of the Church at Nauvoo, "Spoke of the necessity of building a 'House of the Lord' in this place. Whereupon it was Resolved: That the saints build a house for the worship of God." (*History of the Church,* Vol. IV, p. 205) Reynolds Cahoon, Elias Higbee, and Alpheus Cutler were named as the building committee. It was also resolved that work begin within ten days. In a general epistle to the Church issued under date of January 15, 1841, the First Presidency announced that "The Temple of the Lord is in process of erection here, where the saints will come to worship the God of their fathers, according to the order of his house and the powers of the Holy Priesthood." (*History of the Church,* Vol. IV, p. 269)

10. *Baptism for the Dead.* The subject of baptism for the dead was first made known to the saints in a sermon delivered by the Prophet at the funeral service of Elder Seymour Brunson, August 10, 1840.

The following statement was contained in an epistle written by the Prophet to the Apostles then in Great Britain: "I presume the doctrine of 'baptism for the dead' has ere this reached your ears, and may have raised some inquiries in your minds respecting the same. * * * I first mentioned the doctrine in public when preaching the funeral sermon of Brother Seymour Brunson; and have since then given general instructions in the church on the subject. The saints have the privilege of being baptized for those of their relatives who are dead, whom they believe would have embraced the gospel, if they had been privileged with hearing it, and who have received the Gospel in the spirit through the instrumentality of those who have been commissioned to preach to them while in prison." (*History of the Church,* Vol. IV, p. 231)

11. For slightly more than a year after this doctrine was revealed, the saints were privileged to perform the ordinance of baptism for the dead in the Mississippi river, but this was withdrawn as soon as a baptismal font was completed in the Nauvoo temple. Indeed, as early as October 3, 1841, the Prophet announced: "There shall be no more baptisms for the dead until the ordinance can be attended to in the Lord's House; and the church shall not hold another General Conference until they can meet in said house. *For thus saith the Lord.*"

12. *Revelation Concerning the Temple.* On the 19th of January, 1841, some five months after the Prophet first announced the doctrine of baptism for the dead, the Lord gave a revelation touching various phases of the subject. (D. and C. 124:25-49) The revelation is particularly explicit concerning the necessity of a baptismal font (verses 29-36). The Lord accepted the location already selected for the temple and promised that he would show Joseph all things pertaining to the house and the priesthood thereof (verses 42-43). He further declared that if the people would hearken unto his voice, they would not be moved out of their place (verse 45). He then made the consoling declaration that when the sons of men go forth with all their might to fulfill the commandments of God, but are prevented by their enemies from performing the work, the Lord will accept their offering and require the work no more at their hands. (verse 49)

13. *Laying of the Corner Stones.* Spurred on to the necessity of immediate action by this revelation, the people of the church were quick to respond, and on the 6th day of April, 1841—the eleventh anniversary of the organization of the church—the corner stones of the temple were laid with impressive ceremony. This was a gala day for Nauvoo. At twelve o'clock noon, a procession of fourteen companies of the "Nauvoo Legion" together with two volunteer companies from Iowa arrived at the temple ground and enclosed it in a hollow square. Lieutenant-General Joseph Smith was in command. The interior of the square was occupied by a host made up of staff officers, guards, distinguished visitors, the band, the choir, men, women and children. After an appropriate address by Sidney Rigdon, the architects lowered the southeast corner stone and the Prophet said: "This principal corner stone in representation of the First Presidency is now duly laid in honor of the Great God; and may it there remain until the whole fabric is completed; and may the same be accomplished speedily; that the saints may have a place to worship God, and the Son of Man have where to lay his head." (*History of the Church,* Vol. IV, p. 329)

14. *Dedication of the Baptismal Font.* Thereafter work on the temple must have gone forward at a rapid pace for only seven months later, November 8, 1841, the font was ready for dedication. President Brigham Young was the spokesman. The font is described as oval-shaped, sixteen feet long by twelve feet wide, made of tongued and grooved pine timber, and mounted with a cap of beautifully carved woodwork of antique design. The whole was supported by twelve oxen, their heads, shoulders and forefeet projecting from beneath. (See *History of the Church,* Vol. IV, p. 446)*

15. *The First Temple Baptisms.* A most interesting thing occurred on the 21st of November, 1841. At noon of this day the Twelve met in council at the residence of President Brigham Young. At four o'clock they repaired to the baptismal font in the basement of the temple, where Elders Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and John Taylor baptized about forty persons for their dead. The confirmations were made by Elders Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, and George A. Smith. These were the first baptisms for the dead in the temple font. Thereafter from time to time until the saints left Nauvoo, baptisms for the dead were performed in the temple. (See *History of the Church,* Vol. IV, p. 454) Thus for four and one-half years before the temple was fully completed and dedicated, ordinance work was in progress within it.

16. *Completion of the Temple.* The work of completing the temple progressed slowly but without marked interruption, and this fact becomes the more surprising when it is considered that as the temple rose, opposition to the church heightened. The people contributed generously of both their time and money, chiefly in the form of tithes. A short time before his death, Patriarch Hyrum Smith, acting as one of the temple committee, asked the women of the church to assist by giving a weekly donation of one cent apiece to be used principally for the purchase of glass and nails. It is recorded that the women were so anxious to assist that nearly all paid a year's subscription in advance.

17. But the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were not permitted to see the completion of the building. On the 27th of June, 1844, these men of God were cut down by the assassins' bullets at Carthage, Illinois. The saints, although temporarily stupefied by the loss of their leaders, soon regained their composure and within two weeks work was resumed on the temple.

18. On the 25th of May, 1845, the capstone was laid with impressive ceremony; President Brigham Young was in charge. In October of 1845 the building was sufficiently well advanced that large assemblies were held in it. During the latter part of 1845 and the early part of 1846, many of the saints received their blessings and endowments in the temple, even though the exodus from Nauvoo was already in progress. The temple was publicly dedicated in the presence of about three hundred people on April 1, 1846. By September of the same year it was in the hands of mobs. Meanwhile the saints who had toiled and sacrificed to build it were making their way westward toward a new refuge in the Rocky Mountains. Two years later the temple fell prey to an act of incendiarism and in 1850 its blackened walls were leveled to the ground by a passing tornado. Thereafter it was regarded as public property and carried away.

*This was a temporary font and was later replaced.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. In what respects may Nauvoo be regarded as one of the most remarkable cities in America? Why could it not have been built by ordinary people?

2. Have someone describe in detail the conditions under which work was begun on the temple foundations at Far West, April 26, 1839.

3. How do you account for the fact that when the saints were prevented from building a temple at Far West, they immediately began one at Nauvoo?

4. Have someone read and explain paragraph 49 of the 124th section of the Doctrine and Covenants. Cite illustrations in which the principle probably applies.

5. Why in your judgment will the Lord not acknowledge baptisms for the dead made outside the temple?

6. Why did the saints continue to work on the Nauvoo temple when they knew they would not be permitted to use it?

Teachers' Topics

(For November 1935)

PROVERBS 23:29-32

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. * * *

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Proverbs 23:29-32.

"Behold, verily thus saith the Lord unto you, in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation.

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father. * * *

"And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."—Doctrine and Covenants, Section 89:4-8.

FROM a Church standpoint what should be our attitude toward liquor—beer, light wine, hard liquor?

From a scientific and health standpoint what should be our attitude toward liquor—beer, light wine, hard liquor?

From a public safety standpoint what should be our attitude toward drinking and the operation of high-powered machinery? Railroad companies require all locomotive engineers to be teetotalers. This ruling, together with the fact that railroad trains run on definite tracks, lessens hazards to both those who travel by train and to pedestrians who are able to avoid rails and moving trains.

What is the requirement, if there is one, regarding drinking and the drivers of public buses, trucks, etc.

What is the requirement, if there is one, regarding drinking and the private citizen who drives his own car?

The American Business Men's Research Foundation of Chicago, reports that "Liquor was charged with an estimated total of 73,308 motor traffic deaths, or an average of slightly more than 20 a day for the last ten years—1925-1935.

"But I Only Had One Drink"

"An analysis of 119 automobile accidents, involving the death of 216 persons, made in Milwaukee by Herman A. Heise, M. D., and published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* shows that it is not primarily the obvious 'drunk' who constitutes a major road menace, but the 'drinking driver'—the man who thinks he can drive as well after a little nip.

"Dr. Heise found that the alcohol accidents, mostly after little nips, were responsible for injury or death to more than two people per accident, while the non-alcohol accidents involved only slightly more than one person per accident. There is a direct relationship between the severity of the accident and the amount of alcohol; from which the only-one-little-nipper may draw the conclusion that he is relatively unlikely to kill anyone, but may merely maim someone for life.

" 'Considering a person sober as long as he can still walk and talk is responsible for the small value of present-day statistics regarding the relationship of alcohol to automobile accidents."

(For December 1935)

"He that refuseth instruction (or correction) despiseth his own soul:
But he that heareth (obeyeth) reproof getteth understanding."
—Proverbs 15:32.

ALL of us are very well acquainted with our growth physically, but sometimes it takes many years for us to be cognizant of the growth of our own soul. It is rather difficult for us to state exactly when such an inward process took place, but probably by a careful probing of our memories we might discover that a certain degree of growth took place when we received and *acknowledged* a justified and well-given reproof.

It is the mark of the small individual to hedge, to justify, and to condone her behavior after she has received deserved criticism. The broad individual says, "I deserved the reproof; I shall mend my ways," and in thus saying gives her spirit room for further growth and develops her own understanding.

The above Proverb deals with the acceptor or receiver of the correction and involves a very definite responsibility as such. Likewise there is a responsibility devolving upon the one who administers the reproof. In order to stimulate proper action the individual giving the reproof should have some authority of position, or age, or experience to give weight to the correction and certainly the reproof should be given always in the spirit of love and advancement.

We have in the story of Job an outstanding example of a man who "was righteous in his own eyes," and when he received reproof from the Lord, acknowledged his own errors by saying:

"I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.

"Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee.

"Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—Job 42:2-6.

The last verse illustrates perfectly the attitude of Job in receiving cor-

rection. Not only had he advanced his own soul's growth by his acceptance of reproof but his understanding had been greatly enlarged by his trying experiences—his understanding of disappointment, his frustration in life's accumulations, his sorrow in the loss of his immediate family and his personal knowledge of great physical pain. In Job's case not only did he triumph in his growth of understanding but "the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before."

That understanding was considered a thing greatly to be desired, and was acknowledged by Solomon when he said: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom: But with all thy getting, get understanding."

Any experience, be it pleasant or otherwise, in which we definitely further the growth of our soul and increase our breadth of vision in becoming a more understanding individual, is not to be shunned.

1. Discuss the steps by which we get understanding after accepting reproof.

2. Why "Happy is the man . . . . that getteth understanding?"

3. In the administering of correction in the home what is the proper way of procedure for the mother in order for her to retain the love and confidence of her children?

Literature

(For Third Week in December)

ADVENTURES IN READING

SOUL HARBORS

"Men rise on the stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."
—*Tennyson.*

ART is man's work as it imitates life—its outward acts, its mental processes, its spiritual aspirations. It is the understanding of life that makes man wise; it is the idealization of life that consoles and sustains man.

"The true end of art and poetry especially is like that of religion to uphold the heart with high inspiration and consolation." Poets are the torchbearers of idealism.

Soul Harbors. A Vision of the Ideal

Literature has recorded on its pages the adventures of many heroes whose quests have been "the ideal." As gallant knights, as lonely pilgrims, as humble poets they have pressed ever onward and upward. But few knights have found the much sought Eldorado; very few pilgrims have crossed the icy tracts to be greeted by the welcome cry "Excelsior"; and fewer still are the poets who have been invited to the court of the king to sing an immortal song. Yet ever and anon dreams and ideals have brought to man the glory that evidences character, "What I aspired to be and was not comforts me." As St. Paul expressed the philosophy of idealism: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory."

Tennyson—His Relation to Modern Life

Alfred Tennyson has been styled the epitome of all that is best in Victorianism. Born in the year 1809, the marvelous year of the English-

speaking world, the year that Lincoln, Darwin, Edwin Fitzgerald, and Gladstone were born Tennyson participated in the chief events of the reign of Queen Victoria. John Morley speaking of this era says, "A great wave of humanity, of benevolence, of desire for improvement, of philosophical and theological speculation poured itself forth." Science, invention, and a changing commercialism were revolutionizing society. The need of a deeper insight into religious life was seizing the people. Rationalism and Evangelicanism represented the depth and shallowness of religious conviction. F. D. Maurice was attempting to broaden the views of the Church of England, Carlyle was expressing his denunciations against superficial thinking. Dickens was laying bare the iniquities and cruelties of the social institutions, Richard Cobden was agitating for legal reform, in short, all phases of life were in a process of change. Tennyson was the intimate friend of the great men of the age. Deeply interested in the life of the times he wrote upon the burning questions—woman's rights, economics, politics, science, religion. He incorporated in simple yet exalted poetic language the problems of his day. His was the voice of an age—an age when religious faith was being shaken by the progress of science. In a short lyric of singular beauty Tennyson expresses his interest in the contemporary thought of his age:

"Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you from your crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is."

Tennyson is the most representative poet of the English people, because of his representation of their strong religious faith, their obedience to law, their imaginative force, and their unyielding cast of mind. From "Claribel" to "Crossing the Bar" he sings of his native land, its beauty and its people, with a patriotism grown of a pride in "its storied past" and a prayer that it keeps its honor "in the parliaments of the world."

Matthew Arnold, English critic on English culture states: "It proceeds from the Hebrew mind rather than Greek thought, from the Reformation rather than the Renaissance less concerned with intelligence than conduct." Tennyson then is not only the expression of his age but of his race.

In Memoriam

"In Memoriam," the greatest of English elegies, was written for Tennyson's most intimate friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. The friendship was formed at Trinity College, Cambridge. Arthur H. Hallam was the son of Henry Hallam, a distinguished historian. In the friendship that existed between the two men, Tennyson and Hallam, Tennyson's was the spiritual influence. Hallam's career as a debater was one of great brilliancy in the society known at Trinity College as "The Twelve Apostles." In friendly combat they deliberated:

"On mind and art,
And labor and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land."

Naturally, the close friendship extended to the homelife when college days passed. In 1832 Hallam became engaged to the poet's sister Emily before he left for Germany to study law. While at Vienna, Hallam contracted a severe cold which proved fatal on September 15. Tennyson found expression for his personal grief in the poem, "Break, Break, Break" composed as he sat near Clevedon Church overlooking the sea where his friend was buried. In Memoriam, as an elegy, is a lyric

poem expressing the author's idea of death as it is classified with the great English elegies that have arisen from the valley of the shadow of death: Milton's classical lamentation "Lycidas" for his student friend Edward King, Shelley's musical lament "Adonais" for the poet John Keats, and Emerson's mourning for his little son in "Threnody." "In Memoriam" is more than an elegy, it is "A song of victory and life arising out of defeat and death; of peace which has forgotten doubt." Together the friends had made a quest for truth, feeling the need of a definite understanding of the truths concerning God and immortality and the vital forces directing every life. The poet works it out alone during seventeen years erecting not merely a spiritual tribute to a friendship that was wonderful, passing the love of woman, but a lighthouse of hope to guide mankind during the storms of life into a haven of peace.

The poem, a series of one hundred and thirty-one short poems, some of them complete in themselves, follows consistently the theme "That love is immortal." The Proem or prologue is an invocation addressing a divine love, immortal, unproven but believed in, pleading for an increased knowledge, and trusting that the intense grief for a lost friend may be understood and forgiven:

"Strong Son of God Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing what we cannot prove."

Canto 1-8: The path of sorrow attendant upon the arrival of the news of Hallam's death is revealed, the loneliness, the despair, and the desire to pay a tribute to his friend, a monument of verse. Life now seems as colorless as the old yew tree which year by year has stood a stately sentry in the silent graveyard. Canto 9-19: A chorus poem, a wonderful lyric describes the homecoming of the body. It comforts the bereaved friend to know that Hallam's body lies in Clevedon Church among his silent and living friends by the seashore loved in his boyhood. Canto 20-28: The poet sings because it is the only way he knows to show his love. In fancy the poet lives again the joys and sorrows the friends shared, knowing:

"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The next thought that occupies the poet's mind is the fact that if love exists after the separation by death, it may be an evidence of a life beyond. The mystic, wondrous Christmas season approaches, pronouncing the message, "Peace and goodwill to men." Happy memories crowd one upon another. A message of hope comes—truth, intuition, and reason denounce such a possibility as this life being the end of all things—love must exist forever.

Tennyson now considers the life beyond—is it just a new sphere of activity as that a bride enters when she makes a new home away from the parental roof—or is it a prolonged sleep awaiting the appointed time of awakening, the Resurrection morning. Tennyson can see the necessity of birth "being a sleep and a forgetting." Faith in God and His ways is the only thing left for the poet.

Canto 28-50: The opening poem is a prayer that the friend be ever near him. Human frailty needs so much guidance. Human weaknesses must be overcome to reach the goal God has set for man. Greater comfort comes in this faith in the ultimate destiny of man.

Canto 59-72: The difference between earthly and heavenly wisdom is accepted. Imagination leads the

poet to Clevedon Church, he sees it in the silvered moonlight and in the glimmering dawn. He dreams of Hallam; he sees his troubled look and seems to realize it is grief at seeing his the poet's grief.

Canto 72-99: Autumn comes and the anniversary of Hallam's death. The poet laments over his genius and fame lost to the world. Christmas time comes again and with it a new calmness, death has glorified the friend. The poet never returns to despondency again. In the spring he visits Cambridge, the nightingale's note has a sweeter note as the past is lived over and Arthur's spiritual presence is felt. As another anniversary of Hallam's death approaches, Tennyson invokes the spirit of his beloved to commune with him. The poet's prayer is answered in sacred communion with his immortal friend. Again Christmas comes to the poet in a new home. A strong and lofty song of faith is poured forth "Ring Out Wild Bells." It is the same prayer that Paul, the apostle, gave eighteen centuries before in the words; "Till we all come to a unity of the faith, to a knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure and stature of the fulness of Christ." Winter again yields to Spring. The birthday of Arthur Hallam is spent in "festal cheer" this anniversary in singing the songs he loved and with the books he treasured. As the spring strengthens the poet sings not of the past but of "what is to be." To do the work each day brings—to grow—to create—to report back to the Creator with usury.

The poem closes in retrospection of his struggles, of the treasures the past conflict has brought him, of the consciousness of a spiritual influence pervading all proving the immortality of Love:

"Love is and was my Lord and King."

The poem closes with the invocation To Divine Love:

"Our wills are ours—we know not how
Our will our ours—to make them Thine."

The Epilogue is a marriage song celebrating the wedding of Emily Tennyson. A remembrance of the past is given, the living present is noted, and a greater future suggested; the future which is anticipated is in the culmination of a life with God:

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

"All great literature has had its source in the rich soil of sorrow."

Guide to Preparation

A. Suggestions for lesson assignments.
   1. A vision of the Ideal.
   2. Tennyson's Spiritual Quest.
   3. "In Memoriam," an Elegy.

B. Suggestions for lesson enrichment.
   1. Selections from "In Memoriam."

Guide to Reading

A. "Excelsior."
   A simple poem by Longfellow expressing the difficulties preceding the glory of conquest. Every youth should know this beautiful poem.

B. "A Man for the Ages"—Irving Bachelor.
   A simple novel around the idealism of the great character, Abraham Lincoln.

C. "The Life of St. Francis d'Assissi"—Paul Sabatier.
   The life-story of this great Christian is told simply in this work.

D. "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day"—Arnold Bennet.
   England's great novelist gave a practical analysis of activity for sensible living.

The Fourth Tuesday in December is Christmas. No Social Service Lesson will be given during this month.

Mission Lessons

HEALTH LESSONS

LESSON III. SLEEP

SLEEP is one of the great mysteries of life. By the turning of the earth on its axis once in twenty-four hours, the darkness of night comes and stops most of our work, and nature brings on us the great restorative spell of sleep. Just what it is and why it comes are mysteries beyond our comprehension, but we do know by experience that it relieves the muscles, and refreshes the mind, and puts us in a happy condition to meet the activities of the new born day.

People who lose their sleep become irritable and inefficient. There is a substance in the brain cells that takes readily the Nissel stain. In this way we can know when it is present or absent. This nameless material is exhausted from the brain cells by worry and work. The fox that has been chased by the hounds is found to have little of it left in his brain cells, while another fox which has had rest and sleep has it in abundance. It seems to be the dynamo of the cell which accumulates with rest and sleep, and exhausts with work and worry. In people who lose their sleep, or have overwork and worry, this material is exhausted from their brain cells as it is from the cells of the fox which has been chased by the hounds. It is restored by rest and especially by sleep. During sleep the body eliminates its waste material which becomes poisonous when retained. While we sleep the blood purifies itself of all the waste materials it has picked up from the body cells during our active hours.

Especially in infancy and childhood is sleep necessary for health and wellbeing. The mother should not fail to see that the baby and the growing child have their full quota of hours of slumber. This may call for some special contriving and it is important that the mother should know how many hours of sleep the child needs at the different ages.

For the first year the baby should sleep 14 to 16 hours out of the 24.

From two to three years 13 to 14 hours out of the 24.

From four to eight years 12 to 13 hours out of the 24.

From nine to ten years 11½ hours out of the 24.

At eleven years 11 hours out of the 24.

At twelve years 10½ hours out of the 24.

At thirteen years 10 hours out of the 24.

From fourteen to fifteen years 9½ hours out of the 24.

At sixteen years 9 hours out of the 24.

Different children require different amounts of sleep, the figures given are about the average. A question the mother should ask herself is, "Does the child awaken by himself in the morning refreshed and buoyant?"

Adults differ more than children in their requirements of hours of sleep. Some people seem to get on well and keep efficient on four or five hours, others require seven or eight hours. The indivdual doing heavy physical work will naturally need more. One will naturally learn from

his own experience how much sleep is necessary to establish complete restoration of his mental and physical faculties, and will have to modify that according to the amount of mental or physical work he is doing.

Young children take naps for the first three or four years. After the fourth year children should not be allowed to sleep more than an hour and a half in the daytime because of the tendency to interfere with going to sleep at night. The day nap however should be continued as long as possible. People in advanced years who find the daily grind exhausting will be greatly benefited by an after dinner nap. Such a custom can be readily established with a little effort.

It is one of the misfortunes of advancing age that many people develop insomnia, or the inability to go to sleep, and get the necessary amount of repose. People of a nervous temperament are more apt to develop insomnia than others, and it sometimes becomes a serious distressing problem. Those particularly who have to do mental work such as lecturing or teaching may find themselves seriously disqualified on this account.

Some people seem to be able to go to sleep at will. It is said of Napoleon that he could lie down any time anywhere and go to sleep almost instantly. Others will lie and toss for hours at a time and be unable to break the chain of conscious thought, even when they know their need of sleep is desperate.

There are drugs which cause sleep but they should never be resorted to under any condition without the counsel and consent of a physician. The person who follows the habit of drugging himself to produce sleep will generally end up a dope fiend. The person with insomnia should take no stimulants whatever. Even tea and coffee are very injurious to such a person. Here is a place where the Word of Wisdom applies with a vengeance. Regular hours to bed and to rise are important. A hot bath and a glass of hot milk on retiring are each sedative and will have some beneficial effect.

The sleeping room should be in a quiet part of the house. The noises from the street when the bedroom is to the front are often sufficient to disturb a nervous subject of insomnia and prevent sleep. I have known such a person to get on much better about his sleeping when he moved from a busy to a quiet street. In severe cases of insomnia the patient should be put to bed and treated to some form of rest cure, with massage, electricity and ample feeding.

Questions

Just what does sleep do to refresh us?

Explain the Nissel staining material in the brain cells.

What is it that exhausts it and replenishes it?

How does the blood purify itself while we sleep?

Give the hours of sleep each child should have in the 24 from the first year up.

How many hours of sleep should an adult person have?

What about daily naps for the baby?

And what about after lunch naps for the adult?

What should we do for insomnia?

Dry Farmer's Wife

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

No leafy tree hangs down her head
To shade my door;
No stretch of shaven lawn is spread
Beyond my kitchen floor.

There is no streaked flaming glow
Of flowers in my yard,
No mottled pansies bedded low—
My days are long and hard.

Here life is etched in starker plan
To mirror earth's torn face;
Yet beauty spreads her age-old span
Within this arid place.

And here in cedared hills I've seen
The dry and barren sand
Transformed in waves of shining green
Across the rugged land.

I love shadows on a plowed field
And sunlight on the wheat;
My brown arms grasp this cosmic yield
Where dawn and desert meet.

Sing Me to Sleep

By Bryce W. Anderson

Small was I, and frightened,
My step unsure;
Strange the world, and far too large,
Your hand alone secure.
Body tired by age-long day
Slow to bed would creep:
"Mother,
Darling Mother!
Sing me to sleep."

Sure was I, unblushing,
With youth's bold face;
Dwindling world now far too small,
Far too commonplace.
Yet my wild, rebellious heart
At night would weep:
"Mother,
Patient Mother!
Sing me to sleep."

Tired am I, so tired
Of life's mad swim—
Spinning world I could not stop
Twilight-hazed and dim.
Anguished yet for silent rest
My heart burns deep:
Mother,
Angel Mother!
Sing me to sleep.

What is in a Picture?

RECENTLY I took occasion to say to my Sunday School class, that one of the late pictures of President Joseph F. Smith portrayed more of the real characteristics of the Christ than any picture of the Master, done with pen or brush. President Smith by his long life of pure aspiration, noble thinking and devoted service wrought into the lineaments of his countenance a blending of patience, kindness, purity and benign dignity that gives almost a divine luster to his best photos.

The fine spiritual serenity and chaste womanly grace, reflected in the picture on the front page of the daily paper the other day, of the General Officers of the National Relief Society, gives me the same exalting delight in the thought that human lives can be made almost divine in their purity, peace and power, by the sanctifying spirit of truth and the ennobling influence of consecrated service to God and humanity.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's conclusion is profoundly true: "A cheerful intelligent face is the end of culture and success enough."

—*N. J.*

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